



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*The  
University of California  
Library*

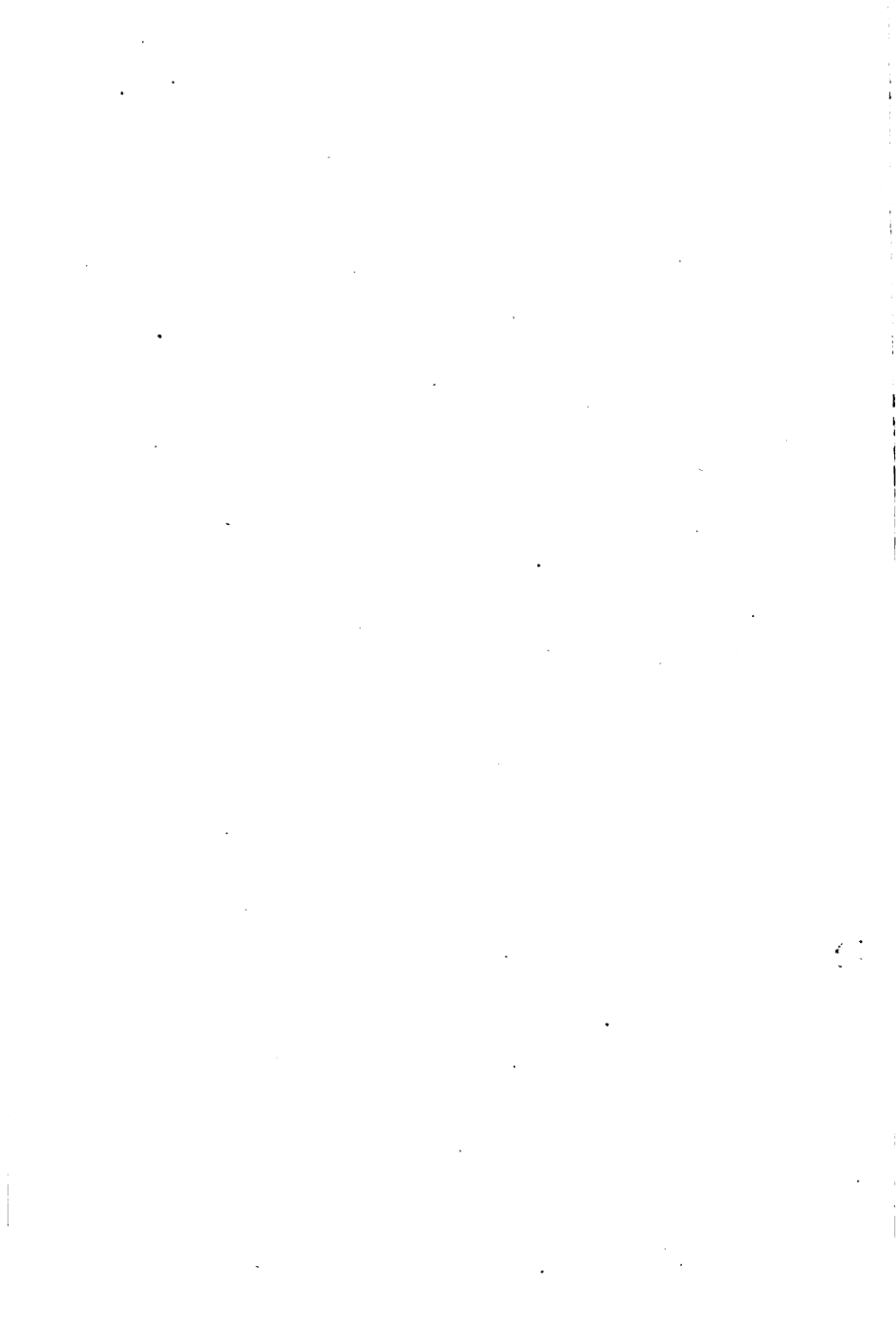


*H. Morse Stephens.*

*University of California*

With Kind Regards  
Isiah Sibley

Augt 23 / 918



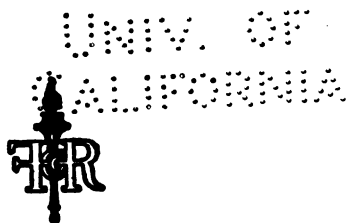
# PATHFINDERS OF THE SOUL-COUNTRY

And Other Sermons for Today

BY

JOSIAH SIBLEY, D.D.

Minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Cal.



NEW YORK

CHICAGO

Fleming H. Revell Company

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Bx 9178

SS

Copyright, 1918, by  
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue  
Chicago: 17 N. Wabash Ave.  
London: 21 Paternoster Square  
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

**TO MY MOTHER**

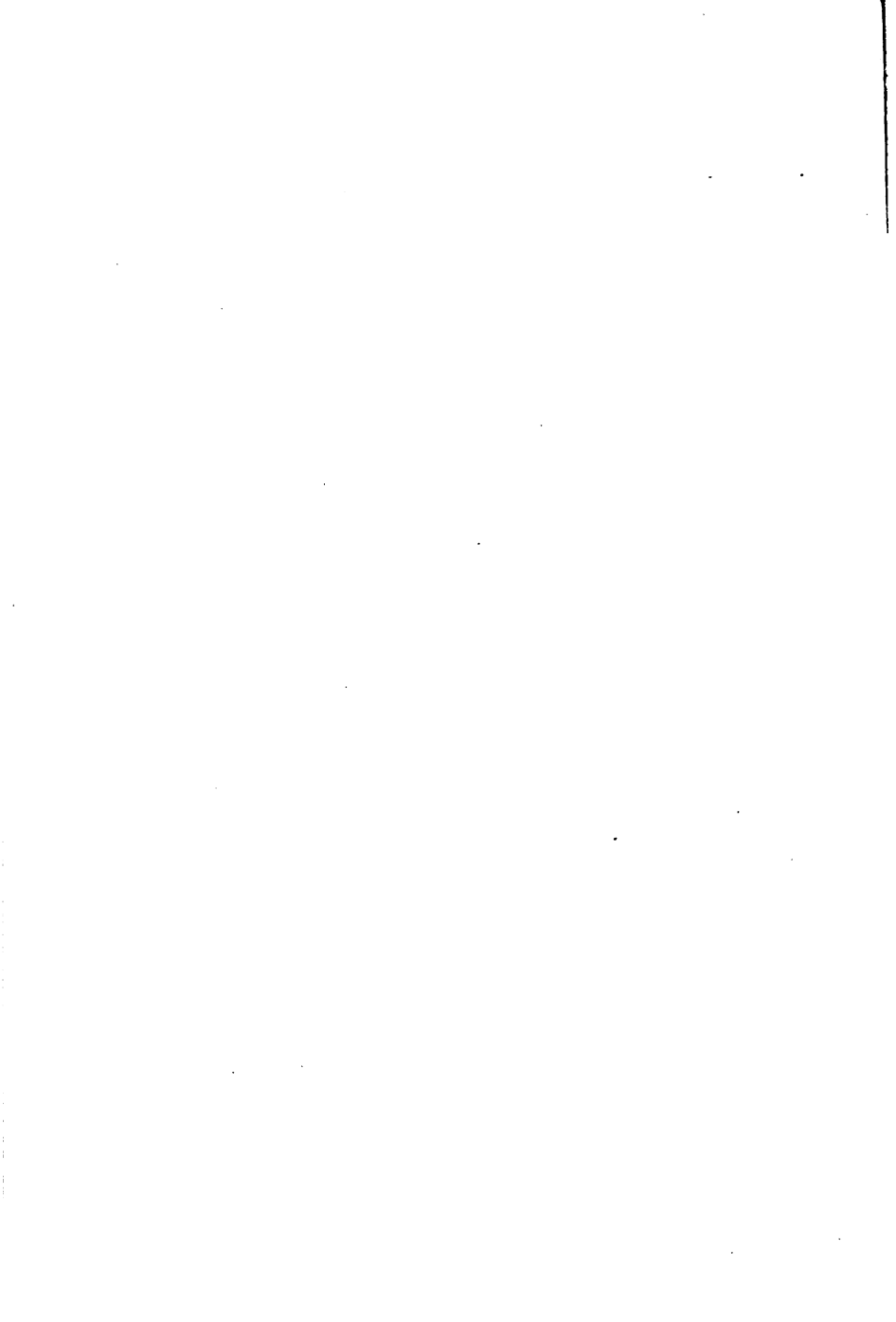
*Who with imagination and earnestness  
of purpose early led me to hear  
the call of the ideal*

*and*

**TO ADELINE**

*Whose richness of heart and mind has  
made the unseen increasingly  
real.*





## FOREWORD

**T**HIS is a book of religion and democracy. Some of these messages were given before the students of Leland Stanford University, the University of Tennessee, at Lake Mohonk, before the San Francisco Rotary Club and other organizations and institutions. God in the soul, God in His world, Christ and Christian idealism, the Bible in national life, social service as the early child of the church are emphasized. The point of view is reverent toward the past with progressive and constructive interpretation for the religion of today. Jesus' passion for God, for brotherhood, for democracy are set forth as the only hope for the individual, for society and the nations of a war-torn world. To build the republic of God on the ruins of the old world drunk with materialism and the vanity of empire is the task of the happy company of "Pathfinders of the Soul-Country."

J. S.

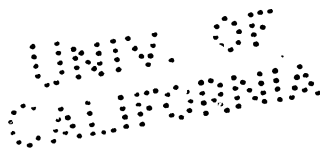
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## CONTENTS

I.	PATHFINDERS OF THE SOUL-COUNTRY	11
II.	HIS UNSUSPECTED PURPOSES . . .	28
III.	CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIAN ENTER- PRISE . . . . .	44
IV.	IN THE HALL OF FAME . . . .	61
V.	GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES .	74
VI.	THE POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION	87
VII.	UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION . .	101
VIII.	THE MASTERY OF THE BOOK . . .	114
IX.	NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH . . .	134
X.	BORROWERS AND LENDERS . . . .	150
XI.	THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE . .	166
XII.	THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TO- DAY . . . . .	179
XIII.	A MARCHING IN THE MULBERRY TREES . . . . .	194





# I

## PATHFINDERS OF THE SOUL-COUNTRY

*"And he went out, not knowing whither he went."—*  
HEB. 11:8.

**T**HE pathfinder is both master and servant: he captivates with his adventures, he capitalizes with his achievements. He is the troubadour of the ages; he is the salt of society. He saves civilization from itself; he keeps it from becoming stale and flat. No beaten pathway suffices for him. He must push across the plains into the undiscovered country. He belongs to the glorious company of true pioneers who delight to sing:

"Beyond the East the sunrise,  
Beyond the West the sea,  
East or West, the Wander-lust,  
That will not let me be."

Pathfinders of old pushed out over the unknown western sea in their frail craft. The Norse Vikings were the first; in their wake came Columbus, then the sturdy English sailors with Sebastian Cabot, Francis Drake and Oxenham. Unto this day of Grenfel, on the coast of Labrador, there has not lacked the noble company of rovers of the sea,

## 12 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

who have marked the path of many waters. In travels by land the pathfinders have been just as constant. Through the trackless forests of the great north country pushed the fur-clad, lynx-eyed trappers of the Hudson Bay Company; through the jungle of the Appalachian region went the same kind of men with Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. The huntsmen push out for track of bear and trace of deer; this automobile age knows the mission of the pathfinder hastening ahead, as pilot for the best course on the cross-country tour.

Pathfinders have not only contributed to the subduing of the physical wilderness, but they have filled no inconspicuous rôle in the upward march of civilization. The well-beaten pathway made comfortable by knowledge, invention, literature and art glides beneath the tread of millions today, because the first breakers of the trail were true pathfinders, men of deep vision and everlasting courage. The modern scientific spirit of unbiased, accurate and careful observation and experimentation is our heritage because of the path that was cleaved by Francis Bacon in his "Novum Organum." The modern educational system with its freedom of initiative and direct handling of problems which we accept as a matter of course is a reality because the brave pathfinder, Christian Thomasius, at the University of Leipsig in 1687, rebelled against the dead weight of mediæval scholasticism and dared to give his lectures in the vernacular of his German students, rather than to follow the smothered tones

of Latin phrases. The same stalwart pioneer broke down the mountain fastness of superstitious belief in witchcraft, which in the preceding century had sent more than one hundred thousand innocent women and girls to a torturous death in Germany alone; prisoners of state, prisoners of war, and common criminals are free from the thumb-screw and the horrors of the torture chamber because of the trail which this man cleared through the cumbrous forest. He was the first to advance the right of woman to hold property; modern champions of woman owe much to the pathfinder, Christian Thomasius.

Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, Washington, Jefferson, Edison, Marconi—each stand as pathfinders in respective realms. In the thriving city of Darlington in north England you may see the ancient locomotive, the first to draw carriages on rails; with its fantastic resemblance to a threshing engine it is hard to realize that it is the prototype and pathfinder of the highly developed giant of modern traffic.

Among all pathfinders Abraham holds a unique distinction. His adventurous life challenges attention not half so much because of the strange new lands he visited, as because of the unusual ambitions and desires that were throbbing in his heart. Abraham was the most promising of all the sons of Terah, but he differed from them chiefly in the ideal that was the ruling passion of his life. To him was given the first gleam of monotheism and he would



## 14 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

follow that guiding star with single devotion; his brethren believed in many gods, Abraham believed in One; his brethren believed in expediency, Abraham believed in his convictions and in being obedient thereto. Religion was the dominant factor with him. He had faith, faith in God, and in God's destiny for him. Because he was a man of faith, Abraham left his old associates, his old surroundings and went out into a strange land that he knew not, where he could give expression to the best that was within him. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." He became a frontiersman in the life of faith, the first great pathfinder of the soul-country.

The country of the soul of which Abraham was the pioneer may be hard to identify geographically. But its mystic call is felt by every sailor on the sea of life as the mythic isle of Atlantis summoned the mariners of old. Man is homesick for God, and ever more doth he seek Him in the country of the soul, and ever more doth he find Him there. When we think of that country of the soul where God dwells and where the human spirit dwells, we, too, would become pathfinders and search for ourselves the treasure and the beauty and the glory of this undiscovered country. We would know what seas wash its shores, what deserts and mountains and rivers and plains mark its topography, what climate tells the story of its summers and winters, what golden harvest and verdant foliage bespeak its products, what riches lie hidden in its deep bosom.

## WHAT IS THE SOUL?

1. Before we can appreciate the glories of the soul-country by becoming pathfinders into its mysterious domain, we must inquire what is the soul.

I well remember my childhood conception of the soul. I always pictured it to myself as a towel folded into a roll and draped at the end, which an angel flying home held fast. I know not whence the thought came. A fantastic idea, to be sure, mostly foolish, though partly wise. The soul is destined for angelic company, but it is no inanimate thing, it is the living spirit within, the liveliest something about us. In the authorized version of the Scriptures, one and the same Greek word is translated by two distinct English words, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it," again, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." The revised version uses "life" in both instances. The conclusion is that the soul and the spirit of life within us are one and the same thing. The life here spoken of is not mere physical existence, not mere mental life, nor psychic life, but each of these inspired and exalted by what Reginald Campbell calls "The essential man, the spiritual being tabernacling in the world of flesh, but having its truest affinities with the world of eternal life and love." That inner man is in turn worked upon and influenced by the use that is made of that which we call the animal, mental and psychic life. The soul of man is his real self, the hidden

## 16 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

being dwelling far within the physical vestment, who uses all the splendid faculties of the body, brain, heart, conscience, and the imagination for the expression of himself.

The country of the soul, then, is not some extramundane sphere far removed from human life and human conditions. The birthplace of the soul is the fleshly temple of wonder. It is the divine spirit placed there by the divine spirit; through the years, this divine human spirit grows and develops with all pure loves and high aspirations and noble thinking and holy companionship with the spirit of God, or else it is bound and gagged and choked by the ruffians of the material senses, that were made to be its slaves, until it is a poor sickly dwarf. Our personality is the measure of what the soul hath builded for us. It is the sum total of all our thinking and loving and willing, it is what we are. When our physical bodies are no longer capable of affording refuge and sustenance for our real self, which is the soul, then we leave the earthly tenement; our real self which was not physical, does not require the physical, but goes out into that eternity of the spirit where God dwells, where time and place have no existence, carrying memory and all splendid qualities which have been builded into personality.

Dante, in his "Paradiso," has portrayed the country of the soul that belongs to those who have passed from the earthly life and have been accounted worthy of attaining the bliss of God. Under the guidance of his blessed Beatrice he becomes a path-

finder into that realm. That country he locates in the sun, moon, and stars. In her company he passes through the circles of the Moon, of Mercury, of Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed Stars, the Crystalline Heavens. His journey ends in the Empyrean, where is the visible presence of God. To Dante's imagination these nine spheres or orbits were regions unearthly and unlike to earth; they represented the glory of God in their degrees, and in his poem they are far more than astronomic denominations. They are pulsating with the Divine life, they are typical of the Divine beauty, they are seats of Divine favour and peace. Dante and Beatrice on leaving the earthly Paradise shoot upwards toward the sphere of fire. Dante confesses that he has but a vague memory of all he saw and heard in this whole mystic journey. So intense is the innate desire of the soul to attain the vision of God, that as it draws near fulfilment "our understanding enters so deeply that the memory cannot follow."

Splendid as are the portrayals therein made, sun, moon, and stars are not the soul-country save only in a mythical sense. The country of the soul, whose mysterious land forever challenges the attention of all bold pathfinders, is a continent bathed by all the waters of human experiences and fronting on the ocean of eternity. Whatsoever touches the human personality touches the country of the soul. The soul-country is the domain in any human life over which the indwelling spirit has gained the mastery,

## 18 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

through which that spirit expresses himself or ought to express himself. Anything that has to do with conscience, mind or heart has to do with the territory of the soul. Even our physical habiliments touch the confines of that country. Hence the wise old Ben Ezra reminded:

"Thy body at its best, how far can it project the soul on its lone way."

### THE PATHFINDER AND FAITH

2. The pathfinder into the soul-country must be a man of faith. All explorers have been men of faith, of faith in themselves, in their companions, and in the work undertaken. The very fact of their going out into the unknown emphasizes this. Most of them have had faith in God. The very dangers and uncertainties have made them trust in the Power without themselves in whose hands they were.

Much more must the pathfinder of the soul-country be for the man of faith in God, in himself and in God's destiny for him. For the country of the soul is not ours to begin with. It has to be achieved, won, built up in the likeness of Christ. No man is in possession of his own soul until he sees its relation to the eternal, beholds it in the light of God.

There is a difference between *faith*, which is the attitude of trust toward the unseen, and *a* faith which is the statement of a creed supposed to be held in common by a group of individuals. It is faith, not a faith, with which the pathfinder of the soul-country is primarily concerned, though he

may sometimes profitably consult the creed, which is a statement of a faith, as a suggestive guide book, which others have found valuable.

Faith is not so intangible and irrational as it is sometimes thought to be. The very organization of the society in which you live implicitly emphasizes faith. The bank trusts the merchant, and the merchant trusts you. You have faith in your doctor, faith in the engineer and in the trustworthiness of all the railroad employees into whose hands you commit your precious life when you go on a journey and in the vast majority of cases you are not mistaken in so doing. It is but a natural step further to have faith in God.

"Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,  
 Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,  
 Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one;  
 Thou canst not prove that thou art immortal, no  
 Nor yet that thou art mortal,—nay, my son,  
 Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee,  
 Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
 For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
 Nor yet disproven; Wherefore thou be wise,  
 Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt  
 And cling to Faith beyonds the forms of Faith!  
 She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
 She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"  
 She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst  
 She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
 She spies the summer through the winter bud top,  
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
 She finds the fountain where they wailed, 'Mirage.'"

## 20 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

Acting on that conception of faith, which is second nature with you in all the affairs of life, let God be the companion of your soul. The beauty and majesty of your soul-country shall depend on the amount of trust that you have in God and how much He has in you. Your intuitions, your desires, your thoughts must be well-pleasing unto Him. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." It has been a question of long and deep debate as to which side played the introductory part in the union of the divine and human which is a necessary condition for the real development of the soul. Augustine in the third century and Calvin in the sixteenth so exalted God that there could positively be no approach to Him by debased men until the Divine made the first overture. The British Monk, Pelagius, in the fifth century and John Wesley in the eighteenth century championed the ability of whosoever will, on his own volition, to find God. Both sides were right, each beheld the opposite side of the same silver shield. "It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure," and "Every man worketh out his own salvation." "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of Christ." By the gentle mingling of the human and divine shall the domain of your soul be rendered rich and beautiful.

### THE PATHFINDER AND OBEDIENCE

3. Obedience shall be the watchword of the pathfinder into the soul-country. "By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out into the land

which he was to receive for an inheritance." He heard the call and he obeyed. So has every true pioneer gone into the undiscovered country obedient to the call that sent him thither. The call of God, of conscience, of duty, of obligation, of truth, of opportunity, of growth, and development has ever sounded the bugle note of obedience.

The first note of obedience for the pathfinder to the soul-country is that of obedience to God; the placing of the human heart and the human will in harmony with Christ.

The next note of obedience is that of obedience to the individuality of one's own soul. There never was a more serious mistake made by the Christian church than that of confusing unity of the spirit with uniformity of expression. Unity of the spirit is the mystic bond of life, uniformity of expression is the wrapping of the grave-cloths for one who shall soon be dead. How often seminaries and presbyteries in a dull insistence on uniformity of interpretation have turned into the ministry, or if they haven't, it is no fault of their method,—a continuous army of clerical leaders for the church as much alike as a box of shoe-pegs. Not theological fossils, not mere eclectic essayists, but glowing human spirits clothed upon with all the power of individual personality, shall lead mankind forward to moral and spiritual victory. If there is any choice possession given of God to any individual it is his own individuality. A man shall achieve the birthright of his own soul-country, just so far as he



## 22 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

shall make his bodily powers, his talents, his environment expressive of himself, of the master spirit, his soul which God has placed within. He shall do this just in so far as he is obedient to the call whatever the call may be, whether of ideals or of duty, or of opportunity, of habit or environment, which shall lead him out of the bondage into a land where he shall be free, to express himself. The thing that placed Abraham in the roll of immortals was that by faith he obeyed to go out—to go out—unto the place which he was to receive for an inheritance. He was obedient to his own individuality, he obeyed to go out into the country of his soul's ideals, which he was to receive for himself and for the blessing of many. Photiades, who so brilliantly interpreted George Meredith to the French people, says: "I have no sweeter memory than this old man so passionately fond of France." When he had passed many days with Meredith at his home at Boxwood, though he grew into the spirit of the old man's life, still, as an interviewer, he appeared much as a literary hack, and the great novelist said to him one day, "But you, Sir, who honour me by presenting my works to the French public, why do you yoke yourself to this barren task? You appear to me to be imaginative, give us then some original work." So he spoke the secret that every master soul discovers for himself that he must be obedient to go out into his own promised land if he would achieve the soul-country that was intended for him. George Borrow in "Lavengro" sounds the same trumpet note. In

speaking of the failure of his brother, who was highly gifted in artistic lines, to arrive at the achievement that should have been his, he says: "O, ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for, however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading you to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel. Let neither obstacles nor temptations induce you to leave it; bound along if you can; if not on hands and knees follow it, perish in it if need be; but ye need not fear for that; no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for a momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death."

The indomitable spirit of going out to claim the heritage of individuality, has given the church its richest development, as well as the most rare characters of its history. Saul of Tarsus would never have had a renown surpassing that of Gamaliel, had he not been obedient to the heavenly vision. Boldly bidding defiance to his Jewish persecutors, how splendidly he measures the unique power of his soul's individuality, when he gives the Magna Charta of theological liberty. "After the manner," says he, "which they call heresy, worship I, the God of my fathers."

Augustine in the fifth century was the father of many things. He is one of those extraordinary per-

## 24 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

sons who have dominated the minds of men with a sway which makes the rôle of world conquerors look cheap and puny. He exemplified both the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit. No man has done more to construct an authoritative church than he. The architectural plan was already there when he joined the church, when his work was done the Roman Catholic Church was organized for its mighty task of making a new empire on the ruins of the old. Not less did he do in the development of theological doctrine. He gave his stamp to that high exaltation of the sovereignty of God, which made the doctrine of election preëminent doctrine, until the days when Calvin gave it a new accent. Though Augustine was such a mighty builder of the church as an institution, and so profound a theological thinker, yet he could tell in the tenderest and sweetest tones the mystical experience that marks him as the greatest saint of the ages. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee," was his spirit's interpretation of the reality of God. "Our whole work in this life is to heal the eye of the heart by which we see God," was the refrain by which he continued his anthem in innumerable forms. From his Carthaginian Capital, he could hear the reports of Rome being ground into dust by the Barbarians. In that hour he dreamed dreams, and saw visions of the city, a new city, that should be eternal, because it had foundations whose maker and builder is God. This three-fold and mighty task could Augustine accomplish,

marking himself as one of the most remarkable men of all times, because he was obedient to the call to go forth into the realm of his own individuality.

Francis of Assisi left the home luxury in the beautiful vale of Umbria, forsook the wealth which his father had in store for him, because he had a vision that called him to give his life in loving service. Poor ragged beggars and unfortunate people, found themselves personally ministered to by him. He became the founder of the mighty order of the Franciscans, and gave to Christianity one of its most unique expressions, because he poured his soul forth through the channels of his own individuality. Martin Luther, the young monk, who entered with such simple loyalty into the ecstatic expression of pride, when he visited Rome, and its manifold memorials of martyrdom, did not remain an unquestioning Augustinian Monk to the end of his days, because he was obedient to the inner call that bade him to march forth into new realms. With as much pride as any other faithful son of the church, he climbed the Santa Scala in Rome on bended knee, but when he felt the power of the experience within his own heart that made him feel the just shall live by faith, he went forth to make the church something different from what it had ever been before, and became what Pfeiderer calls the founder of Protestant civilization.

The pathfinder of the soul-country shall come to the true appreciation of the riches of his realm, when he enters in through the imagination. The

## 26 PATHFINDERS OF SOUL-COUNTRY

poetic souls have ever pictured the beautiful things of the soul-country. If from his barren exile on Patmos, John could see the heavenly country with its river of crystal water of Life, in the midst of the glorious realm of the same country, Dante beheld the river of Light with its molten waters ever shooting forth sparks of living fire which shone like rubies among the flowers that bordered its banks. When he drew near to the presence of the Eternal, he saw all the white-robed throng, whose bliss it was there to dwell, arranged in companies forming the petals of the white rose of Paradise.

Blessed discoveries shall be made by every pathfinder who journeys into the soul-country. Bathing in Dante's mystic river, Lethe, he shall forget the tribulations of the past, touching the waters of Eunöe, he shall have his eyes opened to the beholding of spiritual secrets whose glory he never saw before. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Sublime discoveries of the immortal destiny of the human spirit shall be made by these pathfinders until in very joy the faithful explorer shall exclaim as did the dying Arthur when he shaded his eyes and looked out into that unknown realm, whence three queens in their barge came for him,

"I go on a long journey  
To the island-valley of Avilion  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard, lawn  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

The pathfinder of the soul-country ever takes with him the spirit of faith, obedience, and conquest. He greets the unseen with a cheer. If sacrifice and hardship and sorrow stand beside his way, they do but challenge the heroic that abides within. The legend on his banner is never furled:

"To seek, to strive, to find and not to yield." He cries:

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.

I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,

I ask not: but unless God send his hail

Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,

In some time, His good time, I shall arrive."

## II

### HIS UNSUSPECTED PURPOSES

*"I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me."—*  
ISA. 45: 5.

CYRUS, the great king of Persia, stands after twenty-five hundred years as one of the most glorious characters in history. Born an unknown boy, in an unimportant section of the Mesopotamian country, he rose with his people to political eminence. When he became the undisputed ruler of the vast Persian empire, he changed oriental despotism into a splendid beneficence. He had much of the Roman gift for organization and justice. He crowned this with breadth of mind, sweetness, patience, genius, for managing men. It is no wonder that Herodotus delights to dwell upon him and that Xenophon makes him the hero of his *Cyropedia*. He was the King Arthur of his time, the Chevalier Bayard of his day, and this in spite of the fact that fortune always smiled upon him. Xenophon makes the dying king say: "I have always seemed to feel my strength increase with the advance of time, so that I have not found myself weaker in my old age than in my youth, nor do I know that I have attempted or desired anything in which I have not been successful." To Cyrus be-

longs the unique distinction of being the favourite of the three diverse peoples of his day. The Persians hailed him as the great king, the Greeks exalted him as being the ideal character. Stranger yet, the Hebrews saw in him the saviour of their national existence.

There is something entrancing about the imagination of the old Greeks, who could think of Hermes as the messenger of the gods, and of the gods and goddesses themselves as the messengers and dealers of fate among men. But how infinitely more majestic the conception that could picture the very Spirit of the universe saying to all men and things: "Ye are my servants, working my will, whether ye will or no." That was the daring conception of the old Hebrew prophet in the time of Israel's exile. Seeing the all-powerful Cyrus establish a new kingdom, he saw in him the unwitting instrument of God in restoring his people who were so fitted by temperament and training for religious revelation, to their native land. These significant words does he address to him, speaking the message of Jehovah: "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me." Cyrus might have thought that the great end of his life was the building of a mighty empire. The prophet suggests that all unconsciously he was fulfilling a far deeper purpose. The message is a reminder of the fact that there are unsuspected purposes of God running through all nature, history and biography.

One summer I was tramping through picturesque



Marin County, just across the bay from San Francisco. The heights of Tamalpais show the glories of the Golden Gate of California's imperial city, of many a wooded slope and projecting point of land, bathed by the blue waters of the Pacific. Many an inland canyon there discloses marvellous secrets of beauty. Through Redwood Canyon in Mill Valley, the sweet shade of huge Sequoia Sempervirens seems to bear the footprints of the past ages. By the side of the quiet stream here, all at once, was borne upon the air an odour of such sweetness as far surpassed the customary redolent aroma of the woods. "What is that sweet perfume?" said I. "It is the sure sign of the azalea. Keep your eyes open and you will see it before long," replied my friend. A turn in the pathway displayed a glorious spray of blossoms. The delicious atmosphere was the sure evidence of unexpected beauty not far away. So the pathway of the universe and of life is filled with evidence of the unsuspected presence and purpose of God. These tokens, like the silken strand running through every genuine greenback, testify unseen purposes of life from God's standpoint that we never dreamed of. As the Damascus blade bears its maker's name inwrought in its very metal, so God's directorship is witnessed in many an unsuspected turn of life and fortune.

I. Witness the unsuspected purpose of God in Nature. In the dawn of creation the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy

because there was such recognition of the presence of God in His Universe.

Take God from Nature and what would this universe be but conglomerations of matter, accidentally thrown together, exhibiting its highest forms of life as fighting, snarling, struggling creatures soon to pass into their original dust; blind worlds flying from the origin of an unknown past to the sure destruction of an unknown future.

With God there, how Nature is glorified! And He is there. Wherever is beauty or power or the working forward to a common end, there is God. "Conscience and law," says Dr. G. A. Gordon, "are not the whole of God; God is power, thought, beauty, the terrestrial and cosmic disposition that on the whole favours life in this world." Every infinitesimal and tremendous exhibition of power in nature, every delicate tinting of an autumn is the echo of God's footsteps and the tracing of His brush. Every upward pointing leaf spells God. He is in the blowing of the winds and the light of the setting suns. In the flower, in the tree, in the bird, in the beast of the field, and the fish of the sea there seems to be the persistent struggle upward toward completeness. All individuals, all groups of individuals, seem to be pursuing ends, and these ends seem to be bedded in the order and structure of their being. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Not only is God stamped on everything in nature, but how constantly His unseen purposes reveal

themselves on later pages as we read the book of Nature. The countless billions of little animals secreting the shells that shall be their homes and clinging together only to die eventually, find their dwelling-place, later their tombs, rising above the bosom of the ocean as the very foundation of the coral islands; when birds in their unthinking flight and the winds in their thoughtless sweep have deposited rubbish and seeds, these become the fit dwelling-place for man. We have heard much in recent years of the necessity of guarding the coal deposits of Alaska. In prehistoric ages, the frigid north basked in the sunshine of torrid heat and trees grew in tropic luxury where now only is found the icy dwelling of glaciers. What but the omniscience of a good God could have preserved all the stored up heat of the sun in the vegetable matter of those fat ages for the blessing of man in the far distant time of the future, when the face of the sun should not be so genial? Gold and silver and lead and iron, in the fiery days of earth's formation, little knew of their service in the generation of man in the distant ages of the future. But the great God girded them, though they knew Him not. Herodotus said: "Egypt is the gift of the Nile to man." Livingstone and Stanley found that the melting of the snows on the glorious mountains hidden in the depths of Africa, were girded of God for the purpose of transforming Egypt into a garden spot. Did you ever take that picturesque trip by boat down the San Joaquin River from Stockton

to San Francisco? Do you remember the multitude of Tuli Islands that produce such marvellous crops of celery and potatoes? That fertility comes from the gathering of the flotsam and the jetsam in the reeds of the tuli plants. Who would have thought that worthless trash could serve such mighty purpose?

Once the lightning and thunder-bolts were but the playthings of cruel gods, according to man's imagination. But in the twinkling light of the great cities, in the whirr of machinery, and in the rapid transit of vast multitudes, is evidenced the long unsuspected purpose of the lightning, as it is to bring a thousand blessings to man under the guise of electricity. In that terrible wreck of the North Atlantic last year, how wonderfully the unsuspected purpose of God was evidenced in the mysterious using of the very currents of air for the transmission of messages over the far distance! Thus do countless forces and phases of the material universe testify how the things of earth are thrilling with the unthought-of things of heaven.

2. Not less are the unsuspected purposes of God interwoven with the records of human history.

All industrial life, all social organizations, all political systems, ethical movements, all intellectual achievements are pulsing witnesses to the struggle of mankind to the one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves. Time and again trivial events, lone men turn the destiny of nations, the movements of society. The deeply pondering

men have seen in these events the guiding hand of God. That was the daring conception of the old Hebrew prophet in the time of Israel's exile. Seeing the all-powerful Cyrus establish a new kingdom, he saw in him the unwitting instrument of God in restoring his people to their native land. So a little later might the same prophet tongue have greeted the conquering Alexander as the chosen of God, decreeing that not oriental despotism and sluggishness, but western individualism and alertness, should settle the destiny of Europe.

Again and again the same principle illustrates itself in the unrolling of the centuries. At critical moments in unsuspected manner is God seen girding the affairs of men. We cannot wonder that Charles Kingsley said, when contemplating the remarkable movement of the wild tribes of Europe against Rome, "And now, gentlemen, was this vast campaign fought without a general? If Trafalgar could not be won without the mind of a Nelson, or Waterloo without the mind of a Wellington, was there no one to lead these invisible armies on whose success depended the future of the whole human race? Did no one marshal them in that impregnable convex form from the Euxine to the North Sea? No one guide them to the great strategic centres of the Black Forest and Trieste? No one cause them—blind barbarians without maps or science—to follow those rules of war without which victory in protracted struggle is impossible; and by the pressure of the Huns behind, force on

their flagging myriads, which their simplicity once fancied beyond the power of mortal man? Believe it who will, I cannot.

“But while I believe that not a stone nor a handful of mud gravitates to its place without the will of God; that it was ordained ages since, into what particular spot each grain of gold should be washed down from an Australian quartz reef, that a certain man might find it at a certain moment and crisis of his life—if I be superstitious enough (as I thank God I am) to hold to that creed, shall I not believe that though this great war had no general upon earth, it may have had a general in heaven, and that in spite of all their sins, the hosts of our forefathers were the hosts of God.”

The capture of Constantinople in 1453 by the Turks seemed the death-knell of Europe, but rather was it its new birth; for the scholars fleeing thence, carried seeds of culture that soon made all Italy and France and Spain and England alive with the Renaissance and the Reformation. For his own gratification and love of power Henry VIII defied the Pope, but he was none the less an agent in freeing England from Romish dictation. The fathers came to Plymouth Rock for their own way of worship, and to Jamestown for opportunity of better living; both were inseparably bound up with the forming of a new nation, but they knew it not. A generation ago a great war was fought for the preservation of the union, incidentally, under God, it was the means of freeing millions of human

beings from slavery. A boxer uprising in China, in 1900, as an ignorant protest against western civilization, becomes the means of witnessing the Christian devotedness even unto death of thousands of Chinamen, and of bringing China into such vital contact with western powers that within a single decade she makes more innovations than in the previous millennium.

Fifty years ago Darwin gave to the world his thesis of Evolution. His immediate theory may not be accepted today, but the great principle of development has been universally accepted. For a long time theologians stood aghast, thinking that the very undermining of religion was here assured. But all unexpectedly the new science of recognizing development in all spheres of matter and spirit in the universe, has revealed a God infinitely more majestic than ever was conceived of before, and the teaching of the Divine Saviour appears more sublime and compelling than ever. So the historical study of the Bible is being girded of God for the taking of His revelation into the very hearts of men.

In the terrific storm of this hour of world war, can be seen the rainbow. Hell has been turned loose. But God stands "In the shadow, keeping watch above His own." With despotism overthrown in Russia, with half a world ready to die for liberty, who can fail to sense the new spirit of democracy? The hour has struck. God says, "I'm tired of kings." The common man counts for more

than ever before. The nations are dedicating themselves for international brotherhood. They engage in the most frightful war of history that war shall be no more. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."

3. At every angle of our human lives appears the silken strand of God's unsuspecting girding.

There is something mysteriously sublime about the regular appearance of Halley's comet. Titanic gathering of spheroidal dust, nascent form of yet unborn planets, like some wandering searchlight of unearthly proportions, the expanse of the huge beam of light now and again through long ages, had cut through our earthly heavens, casting terror to the hearts of our ancestors long ago, then as suddenly disappearing. Tradition says that some of earth's greatest have appeared coincidentally with this translucent sun. Cæsar, Charlemagne, William the Conqueror—each was ushered in by this majestic light. Appearing in the heavens for a while, the far visitor steals far away. The new-born babe passes through childhood, youth, maturity, and now with the whitened hair and tottering steps is not long for earth, when lo, after an absence of five and seventy years, the same faint far light appears on the horizon, growing ever brighter and steadier, as if once more it would usher the babe of yesterday into a birthday yet more splendid! As this comet appears so regularly and yet so unexpectedly to the unsuspecting, so the light of God's unsuspected purpose seems to bind us every way about in our human



## 38 HIS UNSUSPECTED PURPOSES

careers. How innumerable are the pathways through which divine purposes are displayed! Verily, as we look into and back upon our careers every man's life appears a plan of God, and, if we take by-paths for ourselves, He so patiently makes His path cross again and again as if He would say: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Notice the unsuspected purposes that underlie all our daily living. Heredity is the most universal of all human assets. Yet not all have the same physical, intellectual, or financial heritage. But these initial endowments tell very largely in determining the direction and height of our attainment. Often greatness in the son can be explained by the greatness in the parents. Witness music and poetry in the Lanier family, eloquence in the Randolphs, military genius among the Lees, science in the Darwins and Lecontes, and legal excellence in the Lamars. Paul recognizes the value of heritage in religion. How earnestly he exhorted Timothy to be worthy of his sweet Christian mother and grandmother.

Temperament and gifts God gives to us without our choosing and He sets them as guide posts pointing the way to the work of the farmer, the merchant, the banker, the lawyer, the teacher, the nurse, the home-maker, the minister, the artist, the poet. Training and education He gives for making the most of heritage and gifts. And right here do we see how beneficently He has girded us against the effect of bad heritage. He makes possible by

proper surrounding to keep under and counteract evil tendencies in our nature.

Struggle against hardship and failure does God use as the means of girding to greater richness and strength. Here is a disappointed young teacher, Phillips Brooks, but how he was girded for a monumental success. Here is David Livingstone, refused license for preaching because of his poor exhibition of himself; but yonder he goes, the first explorer of his time, carrying the beam of Christ-light through the midnight of a dark continent. How sadly John Milton sang of his lost eyesight, yet what glorious visions he could see in the paradise of God. Tennyson and Carlyle were once looking upon a bust of Dante and Goethe. "What is there in Dante's face that you miss in Goethe's?" "God," answered Carlyle, without a moment of hesitation. Yes, it was God, and God he found in the bitter loneliness of exile.

Out of the very train of circumstances so often come results little dreamed of. A Hebrew boy, sent to his brothers by his father, is treacherously sold as a slave and taken to a foreign land. There is evidenced here only a life of hardship and misery. But lo, this slave lad becomes the saviour of a nation and the blessing of the very brothers who betrayed him. A Hebrew mother hides her little babe in a basket in the midst of the river flags because she loves him, and the deliverer of an enslaved people one future day has given him a dwelling among the palaces of the king. A letter

from a college mate, Secretary of the Shang-Hai Y. M. C. A., reports that a party of Los Angeles travellers passed through Shang-Hai. The letter reveals how a casual visitor through a willing heart and pocketbook was the means, under God, of saving an important Christian enterprise. The Christian traveller from California little realized that the great purpose of his trip was with God to do just that very thing. The same thing is true in church enterprises. God often puts it in the way of man to do for a church what he little expected to do.

Indeed, we do not know what part of our life, what of the things we have done or shall do, will tell most upon the sum of things. It is often when we are doing a thing we least understand, when on the track that seems a blind one, that the issues are the greatest.

Even the by-products of our lives are girded for telling purposes. With some, it has been a difficult thing to discover what was their real life task and what was the incidental thing. In some, there has been such a splendour and variety of gift that we are left to wonder where their chief interest lay. What shall we call Benjamin Franklin? Was he a printer, agriculturist, journalist, great organizer, statesman? Was he not also the first electrician of his age? Verily, it is difficult to determine where his vocation leaves off and where his avocation begins. Cardinal Newman produced countless essays and sermons, but he doubtless will be remembered

longest by his loved "Lead, Kindly Light." "One wonders how Paul compared his epistles with the other output of his life. How small an output were these letters, dashed off in the heat of controversy and distractions of travel and other work, and yet it was by the girding of these that his name was to live. It was these scraps from his pen that were to build up doctrine and to furnish the pulpit with texts for centuries." So does God use our daily companionships and pursuits for purposes far greater than we ever conceived.

Even the turning of the pages of a book is fraught, under God's girding, with tremendous possibilities. Amid the classic shades of Christ College, Oxford, which have been, and were to be illuminated by the presence of Sir Philip Sydney, Locke, Camden, Ben Jonson, Wellington, Peel, Ruskin, and Gladstone, there studied an eager band of youth in the religiously dead days of the early eighteenth century. One of these youths chanced to read William Law's "Serious Call," and John Wesley went forth as a flaming evangel to kindle anew fires of religious devotion, and became one of the greatest forces of Christian history.

Spanish annals record many romantic stories, but none more adventurous nor entrancing than that of the gay young cavalier who was wounded at Pampeluna and for weeks lay abed while his broken leg was mending. Into his hands fell a book, "The Lives of the Saints." Because he read these pages,

the soldier of fortune was transformed into a soldier of religion, and Ignatius Loyola gave the Roman Catholic Church the powerful society of the Order of the Jesuits.

Our discussion suffices to show that there is nothing in history, nothing in nature, nothing in our individual lives that does not throb with the very purposes of God. The ancient confession of the Psalmist is still the wisest expression of modern philosophy, modern experience, modern science: "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me." All splendid visions, all great endeavours, all isolated events, all intricate problems, all successes, all failures and sorrows and troubles are strands, necessary strands of the mighty garment of destiny woven by the purpose of God. Man's necessity is God's opportunity.

What a well-spring of comfort, what a dynamo of power, is the voice of the Eternal, whispering in regard to all of the small things as well as the great things of the universe and of our individual lives: "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me."

Our part is to recognize and to act upon the reality of these unsuspected divine purposes in a twofold degree—His unsuspected purposes in the extraordinary things of life and in the ordinary things. This recognition shall be achieved by culti-

vating the spirit of Sidney Lanier as he looked out over the marshes of Glynn on the Carolina coast :

" As the marsh-hen secretly builds in the watery sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest in the greatness of God.  
I will fly in the greatness of God, as the marsh-hen flies,  
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and  
the skies.

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends into the watery  
sod,

I will heartily lay me a-hold of the greatness of God."

### III

## CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE

*"And there are also many other things, which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written."—JOHN 21:25.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT, in his essay "Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen," represents this topic as having been suggested by Charles Lamb in the literary club of which they were the centre. One suggested, "I suppose the first two persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke." With impatience restrained by courtesy, Lamb stammered, "Yes, the greatest names but they were not persons—not persons." "Not persons?" "That is, not characters. By Mr. Locke and Mr. Isaac Newton you mean the 'Essay on Human Understanding' and the 'Principia' which we have to this day. But beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see anyone bodily for is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals more than we can learn from their writings. I dare say Locke and

Newton were very much like Kneller's portraits of them. But who could paint Shakespeare?" Lamb had no wish to see Shakespeare, because he had seen so much of him on the stage and bookstalls and mantel-pieces that he was heartily tired. Milton he did not desire to see because his picture showed him too stiff and puritanical. Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville, he would have been pleased to encounter on the floor of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, because of a certain air of mystery which they breathed. Chaucer was desired by the company, but not Spencer because the bringing in of the individual might rob his romantic poetry of its charm. The Wandering Jew was set aside as spurious, while Columbus was left to the new world. Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Richardson were called for. "There was but one statesman in the whole of English history that anyone expressed the least desire to see—Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face and wily policy; and one enthusiast, John Bunyan." It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him and that each person would nod under his golden cloud "nigh sphered in heaven," a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer. Leonardo was presented with majestic beard and watchful eye. Raphael's graceful head and Michael Angelo and Titian were beheld. When Julius Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, and Genghis Khan were suggested, "Excuse me," said Lamb. "On the subject of plotters and disturbers of the world I



have a crotchet of my own which I beg leave to reserve." "I would like to see Judas Iscariot," continued Lamb. "I would fain see the face of him who having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray Him."

"There is only one person I could ever think of after this," continued Lamb, "but without mentioning a name that once put on a semblance of mortality. If Shakespeare was to come into this room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of His garment."

That tribute is the universal tribute to Jesus Christ by well-nigh all the great masters of thought and life through nineteen centuries of European civilization. Whether they agree in doctrinal interpretation of Him or not they do unite in proclaiming the eternal supremacy of His matchless personality. William Ellery Channing said, "His character is entirely removed from human comprehension." Jean Paul, "He is the purest among the mighty and the mightiest among the pure." Sabatier, the broad-visioned French theologian gave this insight into the habit of his life, "When wearied of life and knowing not where to turn, I go to Jesus of Nazareth because in Him alone do I find optimism without frivolity and seriousness without despair."

This supreme and universal tribute, was it from what He was, from what He did, or both? This shall be the purpose of inquiry at this time. In this day when long accepted political, scientific and social

traditions and customs are being overturned it is no wonder that the institutions and doctrines of religion have had to pass through the storm of the strong winds of criticism. Now it is well for us to take our bearings and we shall find that not one hair of vital doctrine has been injured; though some things that might have been thought necessary have only shown themselves to be a kind of surviving appendix.

It is of vital import to consider the relation of *Christ to the Christian enterprise*.

First note the magnitude of the Christian enterprise.

The work accomplished in three short years of a young man's life seemed so stupendous that an admiring biographer in concluding what we would call "An appreciation" said, overwhelmed with the greatness of the subject of his sketch, that if everything that He did were written down that he supposed even the world itself could not contain the books. But this Man was not bothered about writing books on paper either about His teachings, or Himself. Unlike Rousseau or Augustine, He had no time for confessions, autobiography, or written statements of His ideas. He was too busy impressing Himself on His generation. He stooped down and wrote upon the sand, but stooping He wrote Himself into men's hearts. And they became living epistles read of all men.

He was a tremendous worker. He realized that His time was short. "I must work the works of

Him that sent Me for the night cometh when no man can work." This was the kind of an estimate that He placed on His own work: "Go your way and tell John the things that you do both see and hear; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed, the poor have good tidings preached unto them."

The enthusiastic historian doubted if the world itself could hold the record of what He did in those brief years. What would he think if he could behold the record through two thousand years? Sooner could the thin colonies of the Atlantic seaboard have imagined the rich heritage of the America of today. Because others could not see the possibility of the future, on September 9, 1850, William H. Seward in the Senate of the United States called upon Senators who hesitated in the vote for the admission of California to the Union to understand that "The unity of our empire hangs on the decision of this day."

But the wildest imagination could not have pictured the things that have flowed from the life of Christ during nineteen centuries. Like a beneficent river, that influence has gone through the parched regions of human life, causing love to God, love to man, purity of heart and right conduct to have an ever increasing dominion among men. Examine and see His mighty works.

If it had not been for Jesus where would be our civilization? If it had not been for Him it is safe to say it never would have been at all. This is not

an extravagant statement. The world had seen splendid civilizations before He was born. Memphis and Thebes and Babylon left a trail of glory whose sunset hues were still visible in His day, but they were smitten of death none the less truly. Jewry, Greece, Rome, had attained lofty heights in religion, in culture, in government, but the death-rattle was in the throat of each when He was born. For the Jew religion had become narrower and narrower until it was a mere piece of empty ritual; for the Greek the worship of mere physical beauty was universal; the gods themselves were the incarnation of human vices as well as virtues; among the Romans men had ceased to believe in the gods and worshipped Cæsar. This was but the outward symbol of the decay and rottenness at the very heart where used to be virility and strength. There could be no hope for civilization in the future unless the breath of heaven should be breathed upon these dry bones. And the needed impulse came in the young man who stepped from His tiny home in the Galilean hills and incarnated in Himself his message of God, of purity, of truth, and of love. Civilization lives just so long as red blood pulses through three main arteries of the mind, of the heart, and of the conduct of men. These are the very avenues through which Jesus manifested His works. Jesus Christ is the mighty heart of humanity forever pumping life-streams of righteousness, of truth, and of love through the corporate body of human association. When the heart ceases its work the organism dies.

No matter how perfect the physique, no matter how piercing the intellect, when the heart ceases the strong man is seen no more at his work. No matter how great the culture, no matter how costly the display of luxury and comfort, when its heart ceases civilization is ready for its funeral. Christ's heart of righteousness, truth, and love is the only source and mainstay of our civilization, and yet we prate about the growth of our cities and industries, and our commercial prosperity! So once did Athens and Carthage.

"God of our fathers, known of old,  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

"Far-called our navies melt away  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget."

If it had not been for Jesus we should not have our civilization, and for the reason that we should lack life-blood in the very channels where it is essential.

If it had not been for Jesus, what would be the flow that marks the volume of moral rectitude?

His teachings quiver with moral strength as does the aspen with the very presence of its native air; His teachings are clothed with moral beauty as

perennially as are the evergreens of the wood with their verdure.

"Oh, yes, there is moral beauty and strength in His teachings," one exclaims, "but have we not the moral system of our civilization even when we leave religion out? After all, why is Christ indelibly associated with our moral life? We have our moral code, we have our schools; education is our safeguard." Very good. Just two things in reply. As to education, we yield to none in the recognition of its worth and necessity. We have not enough of it. Yet education itself cannot produce moral stamina. The age of Pericles, which dazzles with the array of genius and scholarship, was the most corrupt time that the little peninsula of Attica ever saw.

Even if education could produce morals we should have but little of it if it had not been for Jesus, as we shall see later.

But that you might know that Christ is the greatest factor in the moral fabric of our civilization, hear the testimony of one not professionally interested in religion. He is only looking at the matter historically and ethically. Lecky in his "History of European Morals" says, "It was the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity that its moral influence was not indirect, casual, remote or spasmodic. Unlike all pagan religions, it made moral teaching a main function of its clergy, moral discipline the leading object of its services, moral disposition the necessary condition of the due performance

of its rites. By the pulpit, by its ceremonies, by all the agencies of power that it possessed, it laboured systematically and perseveringly for the regeneration of mankind. Under its influence doctrines concerning the nature of God, the immortality of the soul and the duties of man, which the noblest intellects of antiquity could barely grasp, have become the truisms of the village school, the proverbs of the cottage and the alley."

If the Grecian poets and dramatists could weave their immortal stories round the later development of Paris and Oedipus, royal babes, who were exposed to death on the mountains, they were illustrating the terrible custom of infanticide which was so prevalent in ancient times. This moral dereliction, Christianity stamped out. If Roman society by the tens of thousands could sit unmoved while gladiatorial shows exhibited man slaying his brother man wholly for sport, it was Christianity and that alone which accounts for the ultimate banishment of this enormity. Says the great historian, "Christianity alone was powerful enough to tear this evil plant from the Roman soil. The Christian custom of legacies for the relief of the injured and suffering replaced the Pagan custom of bequeathing sums of money for games in honour of the dead."

The exalted position of woman, the making of her a companion rather than a mere plaything, the upholding of virtue and the abhorrence of unchastity, Lecky credits to Christianity.

If it had not been for Jesus, where would be the mainspring of intellectual progress? Christ brought His simple message to the simplest of men, but He was concerned also with the deep and the profound. He exhorted to "Know the truth, the truth shall make you free." He implanted within Christian hearts that view of God and of mankind that exalted the ideal of right thinking. The leaders of the church from the days of the patristic fathers were the greatest students of their time. Even in the age of asceticism, which made such a travesty of Christianity by its persecution of the body, the mind was not despised, every sacred spot became the foundation of a monastery where the scriptures were copied with minute care and even during the so-called Dark Ages when it seemed that men's minds slept these institutions of the church kept the lamp of learning lighted. The universities of most ancient lineage in Europe were the children of the Christian church. Salamanca in Spain, Padua in Italy, Oxford and Cambridge in England are but representative types of the time-worn devotion of Christianity to learning. Long before the state ever thought of such a thing as educating her citizens the church was giving the best light of the time. John Calvin at Geneva was the very father of the public school system. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, are but typical of the foundation of institutions of learning at the hands of the Christian church. If there are six hundred institutions of higher learning in our land today it is on authority that all but six of them



were founded by the Christian church. A century and a quarter ago when the university of Tennessee was founded its first president was none other than the pastor of the Presbyterian church in the city where it was founded. If today philanthropists delight to endow these institutions, it would not be so if it had not been for Jesus.

A strange thing happened in Chicago the other day. A man who had been a multi-millionaire actually died poor, and he hadn't lost his money by a slump in the stock market. He had been worth eight millions of dollars but when he died at the age of ninety-two the other day, Dr. D. K. Pearsons had left hardly enough to pay his funeral expenses. What had happened? Why, he had given through the last twenty-five years every cent of it to his children, to his forty children, to the forty Christian colleges from Berea and Milsaps in the South to Pomona and Whitman in the West. He did it because Christ-love had shone within his heart and he wanted boys and girls to have the Christ light of Christian education.

President Wilson in laying the corner stone of the Methodist University of Washington paid a notable tribute when he said that he knew of no religion that had so upheld education as had Christianity.

If it had not been for Jesus where would be the compassionate sympathy that expresses itself in hospitals,\* asylums, and loving-kindness. It is vain to argue that such things are purely humanitarian and

\* Lecky, "History of European Morals," II-79.

spring unbidden out of the human heart. Such things were never known before the Galilean had His heart moved with compassion as He saw the multitude as sheep without a shepherd. "When the victory of Christianity was achieved in the Roman Empire the enthusiasm for charity displayed itself in the erection of numerous institutions that were altogether unknown to the Pagan world. A Roman lady named Fabiola in the fourth century founded at Rome the first public hospital, and the charity planted by that woman's hand overspread the world. Another hospital was soon founded by St. Pammachus, another of great celebrity by St. Basil at Cæsarea. This was also probably the first asylum for lepers. In the time of St. Chrysostom the church of Antioch supported three thousand widows besides strangers and sick."

If it had not been for Jesus we would not have witnessed that sight at the Y. M. C. A. recently where were presented one hundred and twenty young Chinese men and women who come as a picked lot to be educated at the best American colleges, on the income of the fourteen million indemnity money which our government refused to take for itself after the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

If it had not been for Jesus, how scant would be the frescoes of the masters, how silent the oratorios of the great cathedral singers, and how shallow the themes of culture. If it had not been for Jesus, music and art and literature, the finest flowers of civilization, would be but starved pauper children.

If it had not been for Jesus the world would yet be waiting its great moral dynamic. If it had not been for Jesus the Roman courtesan would still be the honoured member of society, impurity of private life would be boasted of, infanticide would not be a thing of the past, the brutal gladiatorial games would still be deadening man's nature to level of the beast, human slavery would not have been robbed of its greatest evils through centuries of its continued existence, nor eventually blotted out; war would even be more barbarous than it is. All these tributes does Lecky in his "History of European Morals" lay at the feet of Christianity. If Christianity could accomplish this much in supposedly rougher centuries than ours we will not falter in the midst of unchristian nations that call themselves Christian. Though clouds and darkness be round about, we will bring all the powers of Christianity to destroy war. Christ stands forever against the sword.

If it had not been for Jesus how' barren would have been our conception of God! Still must it have been confessed:

"Never yet hath been broken the silence eternal,  
Never yet hath been spoken in accents supernal,  
God's thought of Himself."

We could not have known Him as the Father personally interested in all men everywhere. None could have proclaimed: "This is the love wherewith the Father hath loved us that we might be called the sons of God, and such we are." The Harpies and

the Fates would still have been the cruel and purposeless almoners of destiny and retribution.

If it had not been for Jesus how hopeless would have been the dark night that stretches across the grave and the chasm beyond the years. There would have been no herald voice confidently proclaiming "Because I live ye shall live also."

If it had not been for Jesus where would be the understanding of God's love? If it had not been for Jesus where would be the sense of sin forgiven? If it had not been for Jesus where would be the comfort for broken hearts?

The islands of the New Hebrides in the South Pacific used to be a synonym for savagery and cannibalism. It was not safe for a white man to set foot there. Today all this is changed. Schools and churches dot the hamlets, while many of the islands show a population that is gentle and law-abiding. Whence the change in these one-time Melanesian savages? Because sixty odd years ago a young minister and his wife, for love of Christ, took their lives in their hands and went to dwell among these cannibals. John G. Paton laboured long years in the midst of this savagery. His wife died while still they had made no converts. The missionary had to dig her grave himself and lay her there with the dark hostile faces looking on. "If it had not been for Jesus," he says, "and the presence He vouchsafed me, I should have gone mad and died beside that lonely grave."

If it had not been for Jesus we should have noth-

ing that is most essential to our civilization. If it had not been for Jesus we should have nothing that is most precious in our lives.

If it shall not be for Jesus India, China, Africa, the islands of the sea, nor the neglected races of our own country shall know the strength of the civilization that we know, nor the comfort of the religion that we know.

It is idle to argue that some other religion or some other method suit others just as well. This is denying the very evidence that we have been considering and found true. Other religions have some truth but also vital defects. Hinduism teaches that God is near but forgets that He is holy; Mohammedanism teaches that God is great but forgets that He is tender. Buddhism teaches that this earthly life is faulty but forgets that we must therefore work the works of God before the night comes. Confucianism teaches that we live in a great framework of human relationships, but forgets that in the midst of all this we have a living and personal fellowship with the eternal God.

If, as the early historian naïvely put it, the world could not hold the record of His deeds in earthly life, it would stagger the imagination to count up all that He is responsible for in the life of today.

This is not to say that He plotted out every program associated with His name, but He gave the ideal of God, of love to man, of God realized in human lives, of humanity triumphant over all earth-bound tendencies. He gave the ethic of brother-

hood, the golden rule of consideration for others, the incomparable power of His own Personality.

Aside from His moral and spiritual preëminence, two things mark Him distinguished forever: (1) His confidence in the possibilities of humanity. (2) His compelling association of everything good in every age with the name of Christ.

If such is the magnitude of the Christian enterprise whence comes its power?

Is it His ethic, His teaching, or Himself? Unquestionably it comes from all of them. A mere devotion to His personality without the vision of the program of service and of brotherhood could never conquer the world. On the other hand, a program of ethical living without His dynamic of spiritual and moral power would be as impotent as the other rules of conduct which never have and never will save the world.

It is convincing to read Lecky's interpretation of how the conquests which he attributes to Christianity were accomplished. He evidently conceives them as due to a singular and unique devotion both to Christ and His teachings. Says he, "Christianity was remarkable for the empire it attained over disinterested enthusiasm. The Platonist exhorted men to imitate God; the Stoic to follow reason; the Christian to the love of Christ. It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which through all the ages of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable

of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice; and has exercised so deep an influence that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists." \*

Nineteen centuries of Christ and the Christian enterprise are a living testimonial to the truth of His words, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

\* Lecky, "History of European Morals," II-9.

## IV

### IN THE HALL OF FAME

*"That in all things he might have the preëminence."*—  
COL. 1: 18.

**F**AME may be a vapour, and popularity a very fickle thing, nevertheless men realize that it is good to render honour unto whom honour is due. Where one is preëminent in ability and in achievement, it is natural that he should be prominent in influence and in the recognition of men's thought.

Just because it seemed but a right recognition of real worth a wave of enthusiastic approval swept over the country a few years ago when it was announced that to the beautiful buildings of New York University on the banks of the Hudson should be added a stately colonnade, five hundred feet long. A Hall of Fame should it be, containing on its ample walls one hundred and fifty bronze tablets, each seven feet long and one and a half feet in width, on which should be engraved the name and a thought of a native American preëminently distinguished in statescraft, in science, in art, in religion, or in letters. A committee of one hundred leading educators, professional, and business men was given the right of selecting names for this temple of the immortals. A majority of these must pass favour-



ably upon all names nominated. No name was eligible whose honoured bearer had not been dead ten years. Fifty of these could be selected in 1900 and five additional names could be chosen each succeeding five years, so that the panels could not all be occupied until the year two thousand. Of the two thousand names suggested in 1900, only twenty-nine were acted upon favourably. If you read the roll today you will find statesmanship and great manhood immortalized by George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Henry Clay. Adding glory to the royal purple of the law are John Marshall, Joseph Story, and James Kent. Military prowess is personalized by U. S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, and Admiral Farragut. Shedding undying light on the problems of science are John James Audubon and Asa Gray. Invention seems to live with Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, and Samuel F. B. Morse. Because of his living portraits Gilbert Stuart seems rightly to symbolize art. Emerson, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe are there because they have lent their genius to literature that will not die. Horace Mann still proclaims the evangel of education. Philanthropy marks the path of Peter Cooper and George Peabody, while Jonathan Edwards, William Ellery Channing, and Henry Ward Beecher tell the deep toned truth of religion.

Halls of Fame for rendering honour to im-

mortal mortals are not new. Long ago the Northmen in their myths sent their heroes to Walhalla, the Hall of Fame for the fallen in battle. This renowned hall stood in Gladsheim; before it was the grove of Glasur, whose trees bore golden leaves. Above this towering building whose roof could scarce be seen, a wolf was hung as a symbol of war, over which sat an eagle. The Hall itself was ornamented with shields and wainscoted with spears. It had five hundred and forty doors, through each of which eight hundred heroes could walk abreast. Every morning they marched out with the crowing of the cock and fought furiously with one another, but at midday all wounds were healed and the heroes assembled to feast with Odin. The guests ate of the bacon from the boar Sohrimmur and refreshed themselves with beer and mead, while the attendant Valkyries handed them the drinking horns under Freyja's direction.

Far up in the heights of the Danube Valley, in Bavaria, stands another Walhalla—a German temple of Fame. A singularly beautiful and imposing structure it is. It was completed in 1842. It is fashioned of grey marble in imitation of the Parthenon. Its graceful length of two hundred and forty-six feet is crowned by fifty-two Doric columns. The interior is Ionic in design. Inside this classic edifice are found the busts of one hundred and one eminent Germans.

In the midst of the consideration of those who dwell in the seats of the mighty comes a tumult and

a shouting. It is as if some herald were demanding entrance in the name of a distinguished personage. His challenge is that "In all things he might have the preëminence."

Who is this in whose name entrance is demanded among the general assembly of earth's great ones, and not only that He be admitted there, but that He be crowned as the King of all kings of achievement and Lord of all the lords of thought? Who is this that he should be so highly exalted?

What a man is, what he thinks, what he does—this alone measures his fitness for preëminence.

I fancy we can hear the voice of His champion from behind prison walls: "Examine what he is, measure the profundity of his mind, the magnificence of his achievement, and you shall see that in all things he does hold the preëminence."

He appears only a Jewish Peasant, a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief. I see Him associated with the poor and the outcast. What very wonderful thing is there about Him? Accept the challenge of His herald. Examine and see.

To appreciate Him we must see Him towering above the horizon of nineteen centuries. No one can see the whole Christ at once. He is the gigantic figure of history.

#### HIS INTELLECTUAL LEADERSHIP

1. Looking back through the perspective of the centuries, catch the magnificent sweep of His *mind* and mark His preëminence.

The annals of human intellect set on high, deep sea thinkers like Socrates and Plato and Aristotle. But with all their profundity, these men never conceived of their knowledge as final. Their attitude has been modest and qualified. "This, I think, is true; but you must not believe it as my word. Examine for yourself. I am like you, a seeker and a sinner." Their disciples accepted this situation and so Simias said to Socrates, "We must learn or we must discover for ourselves the truth of these statements, or, if that be impossible, we must take the best and most impregnable of human doctrines and, embarking on that as on a raft, risk the voyage of life, unless a stronger vessel, some divine word, could be found on which we might take our journey more safely and more securely. Cebes and I have been considering your argument and we think that it is barely sufficient." "I dare say you are right, my friend," said Socrates in the "Phædo."

Far different was it with this teacher. He had absolute confidence in Himself. "Ye have heard it hath been said by them of old time,—but *I* say unto you." He never doubted but that His dictum was true and would be true through all time. He hesitated not to say, "I am the Truth."

Marvellous to say, time has tested and found Him true. Great, indeed, was the insight of that mind that could penetrate to abstract truth and state that truth in such winning terms that it is simple enough for the ignorant, learned enough for the wise; that

adapts itself to rich and poor alike, to the twentieth century as well as to the first; to Occident as well as to the Orient. Truly He knew what was in man!

He had both depth and catholicity of mind. Because of this His thought is ever fresh and new.

"Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be."

His great truth alone goes on from age to age, unchanging, never dying. What if some sneering Gibbon says he has read suggestions of Christ's sayings far antedating Him! Would we have remembered them had it not been for Jesus?

His intellect seems the more titanic by reason of His small and provincial surroundings. Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome, were proud mothers of artists, poets, and philosophers. Could Israel have a standing amidst such renown? Could any good thing come out of Galilee?

The truly great man is the one who can start the channel of thought in some direction not hitherto travelled, who can break up settled ideas and inspire thought where none has been before. Copernicus, Roger Bacon, and Francis Bacon, and Isaac Newton, and Charles Darwin are synonymous with revolutionary ideas in their respective realms. There is no question of their originality, of their greatness. But suppose that each of them was master in the realm of all, how gigantic would be the measure of his stature?

Jesus wrote no book, but without written word, His mind has been the inspiration of lives, libraries, schools, colleges, nations, and peoples.

Note a few lines in which the creative power of His mind is evident. Neither He, nor His apostles were musicians, so far as we know, yet He has lent to the power of music a charm which Orpheus' lute never knew. Because of Him, Wagner in his "Parsifal" and Handel and Mendelssohn in their oratorios have made music that thunders to the depth of the human soul.

His fingers were not skilled as were the fingers of Praxiteles and Phidias, yet He was the making of Raphael, Angelo, Murillo, Hoffman, Holman Hunt, and all the great company of the masters of artistry since the days of the Renaissance.

He was no author, yet those who would live in literature must go to school to His poet's mind. His thought lent wings to the themes of Tennyson, Browning, Milton, Dante.

He had seemingly little to do with the politics of His day. He said, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Yet all the hopes of democracy and all the progress of the peoples have largely come through Him. Hugo Grotius, the great champion of international law and of the freedom of the seas, in the seventeenth century was but proposing that the nations should follow Christ rather than Machiavelli. When John Hay as Secretary of State would put American diplomacy in its simplest and

highest terms he said it had but two principles, "The Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule." In so far as nations have learned anything of brotherhood and peace, they have gone to school to Jesus. In the midst of the present world darkness Bernard Shaw, speaking as a worldly-wise man says, "Why not give Christianity a trial?" Jesus is the only hope of the world politically.

Was not Washington Gladden pointing to the mighty mentality of Jesus, when in giving the William B. Noble lectures at Harvard, he showed the secret power of Dante, the poet; Michelangelo, the artist; Fichte, the philosopher; Victor Hugo, the man of letters; Richard Wagner, the musician; Ruskin, the preacher—and found that the secret power of each of these varied sons of genius was the spirit that was in Jesus Christ.

Surely, of all earth's intellectual giants, none casts a radiance half so far as does the mentality of the sun of righteousness.

### MORAL CHARACTER

Often earth's brainiest thinkers have been sadly defective in character and in conduct. How sweetly Burns could sing, but how despicably low he could sink. England never gave to the world one who could portray more beautiful visions than Byron. But his biographer says of him, "The sense of moral accountability Byron seems never to have had, in regard to anybody or anything, his self-indulgence culminating in an egotism melancholy to behold.

He would go where he pleased, say what he pleased, write as he pleased, do what he pleased, without any constraint, whether in opposition or not to the customs and rules of society, his own welfare or the laws of God."

If the splendid genius Goethe is Germany's glory, there is a spot even on the face of that bright sun. Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister" could beautifully set on high the doctrine, "With renunciation begins the true life"; in his immortal "Faust" he could show how inevitably he that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind, but how far renunciation and self-control were from the primrose path of his own life!

France seldom brought into the world and Geneva rarely nourished a more brilliant mind than that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, great leader in the intellectual development of the Socialistic and Revolutionary doctrines of a century and a half ago. Men would hail him as Saviour, but what a travesty on the name does the moral blackness of his sensuous life appear!

It was quite otherwise with Jesus. His character is altogether worthy of His mentality. His total unconsciousness of any sin or moral failure in Himself marks Him as unique. Neither Buddha, Confucius, or Mohammed ever made such astounding claim for themselves. "Which of you convicteth Me of sin?"

None of His contemporaries, even His bitterest enemies, could besmirch His character. Having



heard their evidence and examined the accused, the judge could only say, "I find no fault in Him." Through the ages He stands pure as a sunbeam, white as a lily, spotless as the driven snow.

No wonder Lanier calls Him the crystal Christ. Having reviewed Æschylus, Shakespeare, Milton, and all Earth's great ones, in each he finds some fault, some failure, then he cries:

"But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of Time,  
But Thee, O poets' Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,  
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,  
O perfect life in perfect labour writ,  
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,—  
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,  
What least defect or shadow of defect,  
What rumour, tattled by an enemy,  
Of inference loose, what lack of grace  
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's,—  
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,  
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?"

But He had not only moral purpose, but moral courage. He endured even unto the uttermost for the sake of being true to His convictions. Because He was true, on a Cross they slew Him. Knowing that He was true with His dying breath he cried triumphantly, "It is finished." If human ears could but catch heavenly harmonies doubtless would have been heard,

"But faint  
As from beyond the limit of the world,  
Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
Sounds as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a king returning from his wars."

## SPIRITUAL PURPOSE

In spiritual purpose He stands incomparable through the ages. Confucius had reverence for age and Gautama Buddha for suffering, but Jesus Christ was ever consumed with consciousness of God. This was the strength of His life. He said so. "My meat it is to do the Father's will." His definition of life showed it: "This is life, to know God—and Jesus Christ." God is a spirit and they that worship must worship in spirit and in truth."

This spiritual capacity He exemplified in very practical living.

"When the golden evening gathered on the shore of Galilee,  
When the fishing boats lay quiet by the sea,  
Long ago the people wondered, tho' no sign was in the sky,  
For the glory of the Lord was passing by.

Not in robes of purple splendour, not in silken softness  
shod,  
But in raiment worn with travel came their God,  
And the people knew His presence by the heart that ceased  
to sigh  
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

For He healed their sick at even, and He cured the leper's  
sore,  
And sinful men and women sinned no more,  
And the world grew mirthful hearted, and forgot its  
misery  
When the glory of the Lord was passing by.

Not in robes of purple splendour, but in lives that do His  
will,  
In patient acts of kindness He comes still;  
And the people cry with wonder, tho' no sign is in the sky,  
That the glory of the Lord is passing by."

We cannot but acknowledge Him as the incomparable one in every realm, whether it be in mental life, moral purpose, or spiritual passion. If He is the matchless personality of all, how natural that the preëminent One should be made preëminent in all the things of life. Making Him preëminent in our hearts, how different would be our ambitions. Ah, the trouble is we think we love Him, but we love self better. If we really love Him we can say with Bernard of Clairvaux:

"Jesus Thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou life of life, Thou Light of men,  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again."

Making Him preëminent in our thoughts what magnificent achievements might not be accomplished in spiritual things. How many present thoughts would be displaced! How we should grow until we become like the heavenly-minded Summerfield. We become what we think.

Making Him preëminent in our choices, how different would be the ordering of our lives. Then we would prefer real worth to display, helpfulness rather than self-ministering.

Making Him preëminent in the use of possessions would see what a recognition of stewardship. You can hear His voice even now: "He that loveth father or mother or son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me."

Making Him preëminent in national affairs and public conduct would banish "the thousand wars

of old," would bring in the thousand years of peace, would usher in the golden age of brotherhood and social justice and civic righteousness. And why should it not be so? We know that honour shall best be given His preëminence, not by inscribing His name in some magnificent temple of fame, but by human hearts filled with the spirit of His love and human lives inspired by the strength of His presence. Recognizing His imperial worth, you, O Paul, from your narrow prison cell need not plead that "In all things He might have the preëminence." From spiritual realms, even now, you can hear the glorious company of saints and martyrs give Him honour, while on earth the increasing company of rich and poor, of learned and unlearned, chants:

"If Jesus Christ is a man,  
And only a man,  
To him will I cleave,  
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ be God and the only God,  
Then I swear, I'll follow Him  
Through heaven and hell,  
Through earth, sea, and the air."

While Orient and Occident alike swell the anthem:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

## V

### GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES

*"He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."*—MATT. 10: 37.

**L**OYALTY is a great word. It is synonymous with the noblest elements of the soul. It is expressive not of fleeting sentimentalism, but of that heart's devotion which is true even unto the uttermost. If ambition drags forward the chariot of progress, loyalty, like hooks of steel, holds the flaming axletree in place, through all the dust and turmoil of its career. If reason and necessity decree that which must be done, loyalty with triumphant spirit and patient tread will march forward, unshod, even though the roadway be covered with molten iron and strewn with broken glass. There is nothing which speaks to the human spirit with such instant and touching response as does the sight of loyalty to country, to duty, to home, to responsibility. The engineer who stuck to his throttle despite the looking of death in the face, the fireman who scaled the burning walls without a moment's hesitation, the mother who rushed into the flames to rescue her children—these achieve a deathless immortality in the hearts of men, but more than

this they prove the divinity of the human spirit. These all followed beneath the banner of loyalty.

In many an unsuspected place you see the foot-prints of loyalty. Many interesting features reward the observer in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Within a glass case is an exhibition whose record is worth the observance of every passer-by and the indelible memory of every youth. It is a neat vellum page note-book about two inches thick. Its pages are covered with Japanese characters. It bears an inscription stating that it was presented by the Japanese Ambassador at Washington. It is the record so carefully and accurately kept by an officer in the Japanese Navy as he was going to his death imprisoned beneath the waters in a submarine that failed to rise in obedience to her machinery. Thus he writes of the coming death: "Words of apology fail me for having sunk His Majesty's submarine No. 6. My subordinates are killed by my fault, but it is with pride that I inform you that the crew to a man discharged their duties as sailors should with the utmost coolness until their dying moments. We now sacrifice our lives for the sake of our country, but my fear is that disaster may affect future development of submarines. Continue their study and we can then die without regret. Sailors on a submarine must be cool in the midst of danger and very painstaking. They must be brave and daring in the handling of the boat. People may laugh at this opinion in view of failure, but the

## 76 GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES

statement is true." Then he turns to a description of the endeavour to pump out the water, but again the crisis forces him to say that the crew of a submarine should be selected from the bravest and the coolest or they would be of little value in time of crisis. "My brave men are doing their utmost. I always expect death when away from home." A message to his father as to his private affairs follows, then a word to his majesty, the Emperor. "It is my earnest hope that Your Majesty will supply the means of living to poor families of the crew. This is my only desire, and I am so anxious to have it fulfilled." Then follow individual remembrances to various officers. A statement of time, 12:30 p. m. "My breathing is painful and difficult. I thought I could blow out gasoline, but I am intoxicated with it." Captain Nakano. "It is now 12:30—" Then the silence of the end.

So ingrained is the sense of loyalty that not only does it call forth the noblest and most heroic spirit of sacrifice but the very suggestion of disloyalty meets with instant resentment. Indeed loyalty to a keen sense of honour has often been carried to a ridiculous extreme. Duelling was the *reductio ad absurdum* of loyalty. Yet it took the life of Alexander Hamilton, and might have had that of Andrew Jackson. Edward Everett Hale touched the eternal spirit of loyalty to country when he represented the Man Without a Country on the ship that was the home of his exile reading for the first

time "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; when he came to those words:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own my native land?"

he tossed the book far into the sea because of the bitterness of his soul. No blacker stigma can be given a man than to fit him with the name of traitor or to prove him guilty of treasonable conduct. If only Benedict Arnold could have died in the glories of the Saratoga campaign, how illustrious would have been his name! We have no respect for persons evidencing lack of parental or filial loyalty. Would that the pleasure-loving fickleness of the times were more sensitive, as it some day will be, to the meaning of marital loyalty.

The very innate sense of a child's obligation to father and mother is testified by the instinctive shock that we have at the first sound of the words of the text. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." These are the words of Christ; they bear the stamp of eternal truth. They are suggestive of a thought we must implant within our hearts, the *claim of greater loyalties and lesser loyalties*.

1. First we note that to be disloyal is a heinous thing. The truth of this statement is well-nigh axiomatic; we need not much further proof than the suggestions given above. There were nine circles in Dante's hell. Those suffering for lesser sins were placed near the surface. The further



within he was condemned, the more hated was his sin. Walking through all the direful realm he found, in the black interior part where was the devil himself, those who had been disloyal. This very centre of hell was the realm of traitors. This region of Cocytus at hell's centre was not a fiery furnace but a lake of ice, frozen by the flapping of the six bat-like wings of Lucifer who is embedded at the centre. "Never," says Dante, "did Don or Danube cover itself with so thick a veil; if mountains had fallen upon it, even at the edge 'twould not have given a creak." The symbolism of this ice must needs be pointed out. The river Phlegethon, which flows down through the circles of Violence and Fraud, consists of hot blood; evil as these sins are they have the excuse of being committed in some heat of passion. But for disloyalty no such excuse exists, it is a sin of cold blood, possible only when all warm and generous feeling has frozen out of the heart. This frigid hell is divided into four circles. The outermost is named Caina after Cain who slew his brother, and here traitors to kindred receive their deserts. Dante here compares the souls to frogs with their muzzles out of water. Their teeth chatter with cold, their heads hang downwards, their tears reveal the misery of their heart within.

Antenora, the name of the second ring, is taken from Antenor, the Trojan who was believed to have betrayed his native city to the Greeks, in the Middle Ages. The souls here are traitors to their country,

and their punishment is immersion in the ice up to the neck. The third ring, Tolomea, receives its name from Tolemeaus, Captain of the city of Jericho, who, we are told, invited Simon the Maccabee, and his two sons Maccabeus and Matthias, to a friendly feast and had them treacherously slain. It is therefore the prison-house of traitors to friends and guests. They are in the ice up to their necks, their tears, lying in the hollows of their upturned eyes, freeze into a mask of ice and thus close all outlet for their grief.

The fourth circle, the central ring, the very heart of hell, takes its name, Giudecca, from Judas the betrayer of Christ. It is the place of traitors to their lords and benefactors, who are completely bedded in ice like straws in glass. In the exact centre of the circle and of the earth rises Lucifer, traitor to his Lord and Benefactor, God. In his central mouth, for he had three, he devours eternally Judas Iscariot, traitor to his Lord and Benefactor, Christ. In the two side-mouths writhe Brutus and Cassius, traitors to their lord and benefactor, Cæsar.

2. These gradations are suggestive that all loyalties are not of equal power and value. The great Civil War demonstrated this as true. On the banks of the Potomac in Virginia stands the old colonial mansion of Arlington. Here the founders of the republic had often been entertained. Here sixty years ago was the happy home of Robert Edward Lee, son of the famous "Light Horse Harry" of

Revolutionary days, Colonel in the Regular Army of the United States. Fame early encircled his brow. Having graduated at the head of his class at West Point, he served at Vera Cruz, Chapultepec, and Mexico with a distinction well worthy of his famous ancestors. From his years of life in the North, Lee realized how the sections underestimated each other; he loved the Union, he looked with saddened heart upon the approaching conflict. But disruption came. Robert Lee stands with the Union that he loves on the one hand and with the state he cherishes on the other. The Union summons him. President Lincoln offers to make him commander-in-chief of the United States forces. If he accept, glory and honour are his. Virginia calls to him. If he accept, mighty difficulties await him. If he accept and fail—ah, what then? Looking out across the Potomac from his broad veranda, he might see Washington and its public buildings. The fair scene is significant of the glory that would be his, if he chooses the Union. He might also see the cannon of the arsenal there pointing as if trained on his very home. This foreshadows the fate that will be his, if he chooses Virginia. He beholds the glory of the world; he turns away to the cross of duty. To the messenger who brought to him President Lincoln's offer, he said: "Mr. Blair, if I owned the four million slaves in the South today, I would sacrifice them to the Union, but how can I draw my sword against Virginia?" The commonwealth that gave him birth needed him, and,

though now past manhood's prime, he draws his sword in defence of family, of home, and of native state. Some have said that he followed a lesser loyalty at the expense of the greater. Not so, not so, he followed the pure white banner of duty. We pause not to consider the political arguments of the situation, nor evident compromise of the fathers as to whether or not supreme loyalty was due to state or to union of states. There is no question today that the ultimate allegiance is to the nation. But for those of fifty years ago the question of greater loyalty was eternally decided by a man's being true to his conscientious conviction of duty.

The mighty decision which men of a half century ago had to make is not the one that our generation has to face, but every day we have to settle questions of lesser and greater loyalty which shall tell just as emphatically on the destiny of our characters and of the society of which we are a part. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, but which is more precious, life or honour? If one is drowning, he is unworthy the name of man who does not rush to his assistance. To which does one owe the greater loyalty, to comfort or to development, to mere camaraderie at school and college, or to the development of educative habits? To which does one owe the greater loyalty, to self-indulgence or to strong, self-reliant manhood? Stevenson wrote when reflecting on Robert Burns dead at thirty-seven: "He died of being Robert Burns,

## 82 GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES

he grasped at temporary pleasures, and sure happiness and solid worth passed him by." To which does a man owe the greater loyalty, to truth or to tradition? to success or to principle? to money or to morals? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Does a man owe a greater loyalty to himself, or to his work, or to his family? Does he owe a greater loyalty to his family, to his country, or to his religion?

Man was made for the full development of splendid physical life, to enjoy broad acres and mighty winds of heaven, but he was made with a capacity greater than this. He was made to eat bread, but not bread alone. Religion was given to cure the body as well as the soul, but not to cure the body alone.

In the settlement of the question of greater and lesser loyalties Dante gives a suggestive idea in the succeeding circles of increased guilt which belonged to those who inhabited that frozen realm of traitors. We may be somewhat surprised to find disloyalty to one's own kin, like the fratricide of Cain, classed as a less heinous treachery than that of disloyalty to country. Is not the bond of flesh and blood closer and more sacred than that of even native land? Yet the universal instinct proves that Dante is right. Whenever a country is in danger it calls its citizens to sacrifice, if need be, every tie of home and kindred for her defence, saying in effect: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not

worthy of me; he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." In discussing this doctrine of Dante, Mr. J. S. Carroll says: "Instinctively we feel that to sacrifice family for country is noble and to sacrifice country for family is base treachery to a higher claim. But if country is thus greater than kindred, is it not still greater than friendship? Yet traitors to friends are set in the third ring, as if worthy of a darker doom. The reason seems to lie in the principle laid down that both kin and country are bonds created for us by nature independently of our choice; whereas just this is the mark of friendship, that it is a bond of our own creation. By the very act of choosing a friend we create a special faith, and he regards treason to a faith which we ourselves have called into existence as more heinous than treachery to a mere involuntary bond of nature."

To use Dante's fourfold division, Christ is our brother, our fatherland, our friend and benefactor. To be disloyal to Him is to be worthy only of the icy realm of Cocytus, where is condemned every traitor.

3. It is imperative to discriminate between lesser and greater loyalties.

The good is evermore the enemy of the best. Christianity and Christ have no hesitation in claiming absolute mastery and right of way

Loyalty to Christ means loyalty to His truth, to His ideas, to His love, to His church, to His work.

## 84 GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES

Grant that Christ is the supreme loyalty, in a world of many demands shall the word, "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," be put to unexceptional and scrupulous practice? If this word be construed as demanding universal ascetism and denial of any other obligation whatsoever than that of constant and sacrificial attendance on the part of every one to a life of extreme devotion that knows no other consideration, we answer, "No." If every person were a Francis of Assisi, there would be none to furnish the support wherewith the ministry of service actually could be given.

What needs to be borne in mind is that the lesser loyalties are all provided for in the program of Jesus and take their place naturally in the supreme loyalty to Him. Loyalty to father and mother was part of the program of Jesus. He especially rebuked those who followed a legalistic law that put temple dues above filial service. Yet He does not mean for that loyalty to forestall an acceptance of His program, His love and His devotion. His demands of loyalty are imperious and can know no admixture.

What the world needs more than liberty and better material conditions is overwhelming sense of loyalty to a great cause.

Royce calls attention to the need of loyalty on the part of the rising generation. He says,\* "Our young people grow up with a great deal of their

\* Page 220.

attention fixed upon personal success, and also with a great deal of training in sympathetic sentiments, but they get far too little knowledge, either practical or theoretical, of what loyalty means."

Again, in his "Philosophy of Loyalty," Professor Royce states the imperative of loyalty with strength and vigour. Says he, \* "As our philosophy of loyalty states the case, the moral law is (1) be loyal; (2) to that end have a special cause or a system of causes which shall constitute your personal object of loyalty, your business in life; (3) choose this cause, in the first place for yourself, but decisively, and so far as the general principle of loyalty permits, remain faithful to this chosen cause until the work that you can do for it is done; and the general principle of loyalty to which all special choices of one's cause are subject, is the principle: Be loyal to loyalty, that is, do what you can to produce a maximum of the devoted service of causes, a maximum of fidelity, and of selves that choose and serve fitting objects of loyalty."

What he states in the terms of philosophy we would uphold in the Christian way of life. Christianity in its essence is loyalty, loyalty not to self, but to service; loyalty not to success, but to striving; loyalty not to time, but to eternity. Here was the measure of that loyalty: "Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Loyalty to

\* Royce, "The Philosophy of Loyalty," page 201.



## **86 GREATER AND LESSER LOYALTIES**

love, loyalty to service, He incarnated in Himself, therefore He said, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

As thoughtful men and women, we will let loyalty like a passion transform our lives, and all the lesser loyalties of life we will cluster round about Jesus Christ, our Master loyalty.

## VI

### THE POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION

*"When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."*—  
LUKE 22:32.

**T**HERE are many avenues of approach to human interest; there are varying expressions of human capacity; but there is only one immortal and invincible secret of eternal conquest. This secret lies nowhere else than in the power of a mighty conviction. The power of conviction grips men's souls, it makes plain men heroes, and old men young; it gives to the grace of womanhood sacrificial devotion, to girlhood the white lily of a holy modesty, to young manhood the baptism of a consecrated ambition that drives the fiery steeds of youth to the achievement of a noble purpose.

Conviction has the passion of eternity, the breath of infinity breathes here. Whether there be prophecies they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall cease, but love, the molten power of conviction, never faileth. The man who suffers and the woman who sacrifices for the sake of conviction understands that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Therefore the noble company of the immortals has not hesitated to be true to conviction. Through faith

they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and in goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Of whom this world was not worthy.

Men die for the sake of conviction most willingly. They never do that for anything else. Men die for the sake of conviction; ask them and see. Paul, sitting in the midst of your Roman dungeon with only the narrow grating for light and the clanking chains of fellow-prisoners for company, what hast thou done with all the brilliant promise of thy cultured youth? Men used to say that you were the most promising of all the boys who sat at the feet of Gamaliel, that you would some day be the leader of the Sanhedrin, the most renowned rabbi among the learned of Jewry. Now your name is anathema there, none so humble as to do you reverence, and tomorrow the executioner's keen blade shall bring you to an ignominious end. Flaming eyes pierce the prison darkness; comes a voice unwavering, untiring, "I count not myself to have attained, but this *one thing* I do, forgetting those things which were behind. I *press on* to the mark of the prize of the high calling of Jesus Christ—to me to die is gain." John Huss, through the pikes of yonder soldiers that form a picket fence round your jail, you can see the bringing of the fagots for a funeral pyre; the Emperor Sigismond has violated the safe

conduct that was granted you, if you remain true to conscience and to gospel and to scripture, tomorrow your ashes shall mingle with the waters of the Rhone. Come four laymen sent by the Emperor. Speaks honest Chlum, "Master John, we are laymen and cannot advise you. But if you realize that you are guilty concerning any of the charges consider and recant, but if you do not feel guilty do not force your conscience, nor lie before God, but rather stand fast to the death in the truth which you do know." Tears flow down the cheeks of Huss as he replies, "Sir John, know that if I was conscious that I had written or preached ought against the law, gospel, or Mother Church, I would recant, but God is my witness the scriptures will not permit me. If these can convince me by scripture I will recant." They take him to the cathedral. They charge him with things he never said as well as with things he did believe, they give him no chance to argue. He must either recant or perish. He cries to the people, "These bishops here urge me to recant. I fear to do this lest I be a liar in the sight of God, and offend against conscience and God's truth." (Would God we had more such men today.) They lead him to a dais and begin to disrobe him of his churchly vestments. They place a paper crown upon his head ornamented with devils; they lead him to the stake, he sees his books already burning. No spiritual comforter must be allowed him, the priests sing a dirge consigning his soul to the devil. As he is chained to the stake the Count

of the Empire asks him once more if he would recant and save his life. Hear the reply, "As God is my witness I have never taught nor preached save with the one intention of winning men, if possible, from their sins. In the truth of the gospel I have written, taught, and preached. I will gladly die." So they heaped the straw and the wood around him and poured pitch upon it. When the flames were lighted he sang twice with a loud voice, "Christ, thou son of the living God, have mercy upon me." When he began the third clause, "Who was conceived of the virgin Mary," the wind blew the flames in his face and he fell forward. So as he was praying moving his lips and his head, he died in the Lord. The sun which went down on the most disgraceful day of Bohemia's history saw the first rosy streaks of the dawn of a new era of light and freedom. John Huss, mingling with the martyrs and the heroes in heavenly realms, you are glad today that you were counted worthy to suffer for the sake of conviction. Sarpi, child of Italy in the last days of the Renaissance, you gave your life and devotion to the church only to find that conscience and truth bade you to be the stern champion of the state as opposed to the machinations of the papacy, to you more than to any one else is due the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope. You had to follow a life of arduous warfare even though the English Ambassador wrote concerning you, "He seemeth in countenance as in spirit more like to Philip Melanchthon's gentleness than to

Luther." They sought to poison you, to assassinate you, to lure you to Rome. And when at length you died, they would not even let your poor body rest in peace in your beloved Venice. Was being true to conviction worth the price? I think I can catch a smile of victory at the thought of what your spirit hath wrought.

Père Hyacinth Loyson, in Paris made brilliant by the court of the last Napoleon, you were the most spiritual, the most elegant, the most cultured, the most eloquent. Oft from Notre Dame and San Sulpice you addressed the multitude. Your name was on every tongue. At the Vatican Council in 1871 you refused to accept the dogma of papal infallibility there enunciated for the first time. You were excommunicated, anathematized, denied the right of continuing your life work in the church that you loved. Through these years you have sought to minister as best you could at Geneva. You were the forerunner of the great modernist movement in the Roman Church, you set an example that will yet gain greater liberty for your brethren. Every springtime you have gone out into the country and standing among the flowers and the fruits in the cart have preached to the common people. Père Hyacinth, the flowers are blooming above your resting-place this springtime, and each whispers of the joy that is yours because you were true to your convictions even unto the uttermost.

If men die and women suffer for their convictions, it's no wonder that convictions are the

## 92 POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION

invincible source of conquest, for what can stop the way before a being for whom Death itself has no terrors if he oppose the accomplishment of a mighty passion.

1. Conviction is the fountain source of all development, achievement, and progress. It is the matrix whence are born endeavours and enterprises which seek to put ideals into actual life. It is the mother-lode where lie concealed the rich veins of precious metals which shall be mined and turned into manifold blessing. Invention, discovery, business projects, scientific endeavour, search for truth, each and all are but expression of the unseen conviction that these things can be, ought to be, or must be attained. Because an old ferryman on the Hudson River in New York, named Cornelius Vanderbilt, had a conviction that the development of the country demanded and justified more rapid transit facilities he died at the head of the first great railroad system of the country. The conviction that there is untold wealth beyond the unknown western sea has sent a Columbus into every realm of industrial and material development. The conviction that the process of nature could be bent to the service of man's desire enabled Burbank at Santa Rosa to produce the gigantic daisy with its fringe of white petals like unto the eternal snow of the lofty Mount Shasta, it enabled him to take a cactus covered with spines like a porcupine and make it produce a fruit as smooth as an apple, albeit as pithy as sugar-cane, but without sweetness. Conviction is a very power

house in political action. Because John's nobles had a conviction they wrested back their ancient freedom, so of the hosts of Cromwell and those of America. Expediency may slay her thousands but the man with a mighty passion of conviction who is the incarnation of his belief will slay his tens of thousands. Conviction is the very life-blood of moral action. There is no reform today that is being accomplished without men of conviction. God pity the nation whose men have ceased to be men of conviction, whose women hold principle lightly. Except the Lord of Moral Conviction build the city they labour in vain that build it.

So splendid a thing is conviction. It has power to convince the reason, to determine the will, to fire the heart. There is no dynamo generating such voltage as comes from the power of a princely passion.

2. Will you notice that conversion is the birthday of conviction?

The birthdays and anniversaries of great occasions are kept with reverence and with happy devotion because they are full of significant inspiration. There is no day more worthy of observance than the day on which a princely passion gained the allegiance of your soul.

You long within your heart to know the power of that kind of a conviction. That cannot occur until you give your reason, your will, your heart into its keeping. The moment that you do turn



## 94 POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION

to such a conviction and it masters you, you are converted; you are turned about. The fact that conversion is the birthday of conviction is equally true of a business proposition, of a scientific theory, or of a moral cause. You do not invest in a business enterprise until you are converted to the inherent worth of it; when you are converted you act on your conviction. You can never have a conviction ruling your life as a master passion until you have first of all been converted to it.

This holds in the realm of religion. There have been false conceptions of conversion. This has exhibited itself in two directions.

Many have kept themselves aside from connection with the church because they have thought that conversion meant some strange, mysterious, emotional experience which they have never had. There may be such accompanying phenomena. This was so with Paul, but not with Matthew or James or John. It is an accompaniment and not the thing itself.

On the other hand, many have thought they were converted when they have really never seen the birthday of a mighty conviction that rules the will and fires the heart as well as convincing the reason.

Christ must have had this in mind that night when in the upper room He sat and talked with His friends for the last time. The shadow of the cross was even now sending a shiver amongst the gentle silver foliage of Gethsemane, soon death would be knocking at the door for Him. But He

was unconcerned for Himself. He knew whence He came and whither He went; but He was much concerned for His friends. He knew how human and frail and blind they were. And yet He was having to trust all His mission to them. He told them to be comforted, to trust in God and in Him. He told them to be full of love and humility, to be servants of one another and humanity. Especially was He concerned about one of their number whom He saw had the stuff of gold but the uncertainty of quicksilver. Turning to Peter He said notwithstanding his protestations of loyalty, "Tonight thou shalt deny me thrice, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." "When thou art converted?" But surely Peter had been converted long ago. That day by the seashore when the fascinating Personality and compelling Voice said, "Follow Me," had he not left his net and followed? By the waters that gushed from the cavern at Cæsarea Phillipi, had he not made the first Christian confession, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." That ecstatic day on the mount when they dwelt so close to the spiritual frontier, had he not exclaimed, "It is good to be here, let us live here forever." Surely, Peter had been converted long ago if anybody ever was! But the discerning eye of the Master saw that real conviction had never yet gripped his reason, nor made his will adamant and his heart molten fire. But the day of Christ conviction was coming to Peter, when he

## 96 POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION

would be willing to lay down his life for the sake of that power of love which he held most dear. That day of real conviction would be the royal birthday of his conversion.

3. *The play of the princely passion whose birthday is conversion is manifold.* How varied is the sphere through which the hidden electric energy manifests its power. It can thresh wheat, transport it across the continent, grind it into flour, bake it into bread, and light the street and the shop where the bread is sold, and take the orders of those who would eat it. To perform its service electricity must be coöperated with by certain sympathetic surroundings. Some substances are spoken of as being conductors and others as non-conductors of electricity. The play of the princely power called conviction is limitless in its expression, but it, too, like electric energy, is dependent on sympathetic conductor for its work. The play of this power is not selfward, but outward. "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." What a clarion call, what a living test is that to all who have felt the master passion of Christ conviction.

It is suggestive of splendid enterprise. A church is more than a mere congregation; it is a living organism. If the church and the individual in it has had that real conversion which is the birthday of conviction there will be instant heeding of the injunction, "Strengthen thy brethren." There will be as much power of initiative and of constancy here as in any other undertaking of practical life.

There are many ways of pushing forward the great enterprise of "strengthening thy brethren." There is the avenue of prayer. Who can tell the measure of resource that comes unsuspectedly to human souls because some devout heart hath borne them aloft on the wings of prayer? Who can know the fulness of those divine messages that are carried through the wireless circles of the spiritual realm? Paul knew that secret, therefore he said, "I make mention of you continually in my prayers." Strengthen thy brethren through prayer at the family altar, in bands of intimate fellowship, in the secret oratory of thy heart. Strengthen thy brethren through sympathetic love, through the unconscious influence of your own strong and modest character.

Using the master passion of conviction what enterprises of magnitude the church shall undertake! When the challenge is heard how it stirs the ranks to the attainment of better methods in the Sunday School, a pushing forward of all the churches' work through education and evangelism, the sending of churches and schools and hospitals through all the world. There are five particular points where those under the princely passion of Christ may strengthen their brethren. Here is emphasized the necessity of finding out God's way with a boy; the saving of men and women and little children for the heavenly Jerusalem by giving them the wholesomeness of an earthly Jerusalem that is heavenly to live in right here and now through the

championing of the claims of social justice and social service; the making of the Bible, through reading and study, the mightiest force in our civilization as it was in that of England in the last years of Elizabeth and after; through classes of education the intelligent understanding of the problem of Christianizing the nations; by community extension the bringing of the masses to Christ through city and country. What enterprise is more sweeping or inspiring than this?

When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren who fight beneath the banners of liberty and democracy with the might of manhood, indignant at a nation which trails in the dust all principles of Christianity and humanity. Fight victoriously without emulating their hate or their heartlessness.

When the victory is won, strengthen thy brethren by insisting that Christ's principles of justice, brotherhood, democracy, and righteousness, shall take the place of the force, chicanery, lying, and deceit which hitherto have guided the affairs of nations. See to it that President Wilson's bold proclamation of the Christian program shall be steadfastly adhered to by America.

When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren through a divine enthusiasm. To many religion is but a dead and dry adherence to law and statement. But not so to him who had the princely passion. Enthusiasm, en-theos-asm, has a birth-right in religion, if it has anywhere. A religion which consists in a mere cold and respectable ob-

servance of form is not religion. It is hard to keep a small blaze going, the flame from one little stick soon becomes feeble and flickering and sickly, but pile on the logs criss-cross fashion and how the sparks leap to the heavens, the whole camp is cheered and illuminated. Aristotle said, "There is no great genius without some admixture of madness." The man who arrives in any line of work is the man who gives himself with all the spirit that is in him. How the church's lack of enthusiasm was rebuked by a criminal in England just before his execution! The ministries of religion were being offered to him. The old, old story was related by the chaplain. The man replied, "Sir, if I believed what you say there would be no limit to the power that I would put into its proclamation; I would crawl across England on broken glass on my hands and knees to tell men it was true." The rough, red-hot Luther and not the erudite Erasmus was the bulwark of the Reformation. Joseph Parker, for a long generation the flaming evangel of City Temple, London, said, "So long as the church is one of many institutions she will have her little day, will die, and that will be all, but just as soon as she gets the spirit of Jesus Christ until the world thinks she has gone stark mad, she will be on the right way of capturing this old planet for Christ."

He who feels the sway of the princely passion hears the trumpet call of sacrifice. Man was made for struggle and not for ease. The fierce joy of the Christian way is that it challenges a man to

## 100 POWER OF A PRINCELY PASSION

"endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." We belong to a comfort-loving, luxury-worshipping generation. We need more of iron in our blood. Christianity has flourished best when Christians had to suffer. The blood of the martyrs has been evermore the seed of the church. The rough-hewn story of Xavier and Livingstone and Grenfell ought to shame our dilettante Christianity. When thou art converted thou wilt strengthen thy brethren, even at the expense of sacrifice, yea, because of the sacrifice. Our generation which is so dazzled by fame and success evermore calls to the flowery path rather than to the thorny. How splendid then is the hero spirit when we see it lived out.

The sacrificial demands of this titanic day are proving the salvation of our souls. Men are discovering that "Whosoever loseth his life, findeth it." Multitudes of common men, on the plains of Flanders and of France are showing themselves gentlemen unafraid.

"Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness  
hurled,  
Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant stardust swirled,  
Live such as fought, and sailed, and ruled, and lived and  
made our world.

"And oft times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every  
trade,  
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made,  
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, 'gentlemen  
unafraid!'"

## VII

## UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION

*"And he awoke out of his sleep, and said I will go out as at other times and shake myself free. But he knew not that Jehovah was departed from him."*—JUDGES 16, 20: 21.

**S**AMSON was the champion strong man. He was a giant physically. The extraordinary thing is that he was numbered among the saints. Yet, you unquestionably find his record among the immortals of the faith enrolled in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

The first was he of the warriors who sought to put down Philistine power. The Philistines had reduced the Israelites to such abject servitude that the people could not even sharpen a ploughshare. Philistia was a little country southwest of Judah. Its people were strong physically, but like the Thebans, they were thick-headed and dull. Those who pride themselves on the philosophy of Elbert Hubbard's "Philistine" might well remember the origin of the name.

Samson was a great overgrown boy, bubbling over with life and fun, untempered by restraint or sense of cruelty. He ties lighted torches to foxes' tails; he is fond of asking riddles; he pays a wedding forfeit by slaying the friends of those to whom



the forfeit is to be paid; he slays Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He takes long journeys into the desert; he discovers wild honey in unlikely places. This son of the adventurous life had no definite purpose. He was actuated by a kind of halfway patriotism. His one redeeming quality was his "Nazarite Vow." He abstained from strong drink, but he gave way to sensual weakness.

His one surpassing characteristic was his physical strength. He could carry the gates of Gaza as easily as a school boy his books. He could be bound seven times with green withes and with rope as tough as tow and strong as hemp, and he could snap them like threads.

He laid him down in the lap of sensuality. Betrayed into the hands of his enemies, "he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times and shake myself free. But he wist not that the Lord his strength had departed from him. And the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

Looking at this giant smitten in the fulness of his powers, the examining physicians are unanimous of diagnosing the disease which laid him low as "unconscious deterioration."

Because the creeping paralysis of unconscious deterioration is more deadly than spinal meningitis, because it threatens annihilation for every man, woman, and child; because *Unconscious Deteriora-*

*tion* saps the strength, smothers ambition, and binds men and women with fetters of brass, let us consider it for a little while.

Some years ago, in common with other newspapers, the Boston *Herald* editorially defended the head of a great life insurance company who had been universally respected as a man of unimpeachable honesty, but who had been shown to be utterly unscrupulous in his handling of great trust funds. He was excused as a victim of modern business conditions. The plea was true as to his original integrity and ability. Probably true as to his success being the product of modern business conditions; absolutely not true that he was entitled to excuse as being the victim of modern business conditions in his downfall. Modern business conditions did create the atmosphere of high finance, modern legal attitude of invoking legal process to defeat the ends of justice rather than to uphold its majesty, did make possible the legal doing of many questionable transactions, the handling of large sums of money did give the opportunity of the misuse of trust funds.

But just because he was originally a man of integrity this man knew that however great the temptation, and however easy the opportunity, right was right since God is God. Had one, years before, told him that he would misuse money not his own, he would have made answer with righteous indignation. But he lived in the atmosphere of loose financial dealing so long that his moral vision

became blinded. He slept. "And he awoke out of his sleep and said I will go out as at other times and shake myself free. But he knew not that his strength was departed from him, and the Philistines laid hold of him and put out his eyes, and they brought him down to Gaza and bound him with fetters of brass, and he did grind in the prison-house." This modern Samson of the financial world knew not that his strength had departed from him. Unconscious deterioration was his disease.

1. Deterioration's method is always insidious. Like the mighty monster in Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," it wraps the coils of its tentacles round the busy workman who is cumbered with the cares of life. Like a vampire breathing forth the charmed atmosphere of promised success, it sucks the very breath of life out of strong men. Like a serpent it waits in the vernal woods of childhood and youth and lies coiled behind the boulders of later life ready to strike at the unwary passer-by with its forked tongue. Like a tiger it draws near on velvet feet until it pounces on the unsuspecting traveller in the jungles of life. Like the round-leaved sun-dew, which plies its nefarious vocation from Labrador to Florida, its agent's outward appearance is most fair, but death is in its embrace. Naturalists tell us that the pretty little white blossoms of the sun-dew beckon to wayfaring flies and moths a token of good cheer. Circling the flower stalk in rosette fashion are a dozen or more round leaves, each of them wearing scores of glands, very

like little pins, a drop of gum glistening on each and every pin by way of a head. This appetizing gum is no other than a fatal stick-fast, the raying pins closing in and the more certainly to secure a hopeless prisoner. Soon his prison-house becomes a stomach for his absorption. So ease and contentment with present attainment lure one to rest for a while, that deterioration may feed upon that which should have been for the strengthening of his better development.

This then is the insidiousness of deterioration: That its victim is unconscious of its approach, but its attack is none the less deadly.

No normal man ever really means to lie or steal, he only does it when deterioration by constantly breathing into its victim the atmosphere of loose financial dealing perverts his moral judgment, or by the alluring picture of success weakens his will. But lying is lying and stealing is stealing, none the less. No normal man ever really means to be untrue to talents that God has given him, but comfort and contentment and laziness weave a silken net about him and basking in the sunshine he remains a mediocre man all his life. So is dishonest dealing with God's talents set on high. No normal man or woman ever really means to shut God and the highest yearnings out of the heart; but neglect and the undue pursuit of pleasure dry up that which should have been springs of living water. This is the misuse of God's mightiest trust fund. Pre-meditated evil has slain her thousands, unconscious

## 106 UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION

deterioration has slain her tens of thousands. If you don't believe it, study the facts of the case.

2. Note the widespread field of deterioration's campaign.

In the development of talents, unconscious deterioration hesitates not to strike the highest as well as the lowest. Dr. M. J. McLeod tells of a young man, who, fifty years ago, left the service of his country after giving four years of enduring hardship. "Heroic service had he rendered and he came out of the Civil War with medals. His mother, in her girlhood, was a distinguished beauty and ever a representative of the noblest type of womanhood. His father was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of one of the proudest of the thirteen original states. He, himself, became governor of that state. Less than thirty years ago the man was tall, stately, kingly, eloquent, wealthy, charming. Today, his picture hangs in the rogues' gallery. On trial in Boston a few years ago, he said: 'I am but fifty-eight years old, but look at me! My hair is white, my skin is browned and seasoned, my cheeks are hollowed, my frame is shrunken, my hands palsied like a man of eighty. Opium and morphine, the twin curses of my life, were not content in undermining my physique, they attacked my mind and my moral nature.'" Looking at that life you see the fatal sting of unconscious deterioration.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a poor Scottish farmer set himself to give his children all that he could of his own companionship that he

might make up the deficit of the education which his penury denied. Among the large family of this humble Scottish home grew up one youth of marked characteristics. "A proud, headstrong, impetuous lad, greedy of pleasure, greedy of notice," yet having this personal vainglorying somewhat mollified by the splendid powers of body, mind, and soul that were possessed by him. His wonderful ability of expressing homely and insignificant things of everyday life soon won for this farmer's lad association with the prominent. He was everywhere in Edinburgh received with acclaim by the titled and the great. But, alas, he who had achieved the friendship of the great, who wrought his name into the temple of fame by his immortal "Auld Lang Syne," "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Lines to a Mountain Daisy," who ought to have laboured long, as did Wordsworth and Browning and Tennyson, after a brief six months of his greatest productive work began to totter and fall. He who had been the guest of lords and ladies "is now whistled to the inn by any curious stranger." He fain would get enough for his family to eat as an exciseman. As Robert Louis Stevenson says of him: "His death in his 37th year was indeed a kindly dispensation. He had trifled with life and must pay the penalty. He had grasped at temporary pleasures, and substantial happiness and solid industry had passed him by. He died of being Robert Burns."

That you might realize the tragedy of the man

## 108 UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION

who might have been, but who was not through unconscious deterioration, read Burns' own sad epitaph:

"Is there a whim—inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can other's teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs himself life's mad career,  
Wild as the wave,  
Here pause and through the starting tear,  
Survey this grave."

In the development of moral capacity is the blight seen most deplorably. Made morally in the image of God, unconscious deterioration so blinds the moral perception of men and women that God's holiness is dragged down in the dust.

A young business man told me not long ago that it was very rare to find any exhibition of conscience in a business transaction. He was not a misanthrope. He was merely stating a fact. This does not mean that conscience is not here. Rather does it mean that the rapid rise in real estate values and the consequent desire of getting rich quick and the opportunity of so doing has unconsciously deteriorated our judgment of moral values. Several years ago at Yale University I heard a graduate of national reputation give a most inspiring address on the moral responsibilities of citizenship. To-

day, because of his dealings, none so poor as to do him reverence.

A well-known New York minister once told me of a certain man who through many years had been a tower of strength in his church as Superintendent of Sunday School, yet that same man became the great corruptionist head of the political ring that prostituted justice in New Jersey and defeated the will of the people. I think that neither one of these men were hypocrites intentionally. They were but representatives of the great army of those who suffer from *unconscious deterioration*.

Do you think a United States Senator for a great sum, or a California State Senator for \$300, or a municipal officer for other sum, realizes what he is doing when he sells his birthright for a Mess of Pottage? Rather have these seen so much corruption, breathed so constantly of the atmosphere of loose financial dealing that unconscious deterioration has made them forget that bribery held us in the same class with lying and thieving. In the realm of the heart unconscious deterioration leaves the mark of her deadly sway. The feelings, the impulses of a man are God's noblest gifts. You see sometimes a character as beautifying as a block of ice, sparkling in the sunshine, but as frigid, because love is not there. You see a life as pure as a slab of Italian marble, but as cold, because love for God is not there. You see men and women who once felt the yearnings after the noblest and the highest but they heeded not, and unconscious



## 110 UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION

deterioration has dried up the fountains of the heart.

Going into the wilderness and fighting down unconscious deterioration is the only safeguard.

Through lack of watchfulness, through palliating excuses comes deterioration. We must build up a public sentiment which will call a lie a lie, a theft a theft, and undeveloped talents a sin against ourselves and against God, and we must measure ourselves thereby and not some one else. We must get ingrained in our consciousness that insincerity and untruthfulness are at the basis of all deterioration. This is what Ruskin was always preaching. He saw that there were Seven Lamps of Architecture and the brightest of these was the Lamp of Truth. Says he, "Nobody wants ornaments in this world but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie." His keen eye saw the wreckage that lying had wrought in all the affairs of man's work. Here lying stones in the foundation, there lying tiles in the roof, yonder lying paint on a plaster column had wrought destruction and ruin to great cathedrals with priceless treasures of art and of beauty. In righteous indignation, he exclaims, "It is good for us to remember this, as we tread upon the bare ground of these foundations and stumble over its scattered stones. Those rent skeletons of pierced wall, through which our sea winds moan and murmur," bear continuous testimony.\* "It was not

\* Ruskin, "Seven Lamps of Architecture," II-19.

the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who sealed the destruction that they had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst and the strong walls would have risen again. But they could not rise out of their own violated truth."

The same trail of desolation wrought by deception did he see everywhere. Lying lead in the drainage, had he seen as the demon of fever and death, and lying links in the anchors' cable as the stormy petrol of shipwreck. He might have seen a thousand perish in the flames of a General Slocum or be swallowed up by the merciless waves at the destruction of a Valencia because some penurious steamship company had put rotten cork in life preservers.

We do not wonder that he branded with infamy lies of both high and low degree, "the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself." If untruth is deadly to things made by hands much more is it destruction to that house of the soul not made by hands that standeth eternal in the heavens. Therefore, telling of that new Jerusalem, the City of God, the seer in the book of Revelation said, "There shall enter into it no sorcerer, no murderer nor whatsoever maketh a lie."

He who would escape unconscious deterioration must tear aside the mask. He must not fool him-

## 112 UNCONSCIOUS DETERIORATION

self. He must hate untruth in all forms whatsoever. Foil unconscious deterioration by the power of purpose. We are proud to possess the power of self-determination and vehemently vindicate the fact of free-will. Yet, rarely do we really exercise the sovereign power of will. What passes for will is a chaotic lot of indecisions. We are content to feel dimly, see faintly, decide weakly, and life becomes a series of ineffectual struggles in which it is often hard to distinguish success from failure.

"I have half a mind to do it." Where are the great pictures this has painted, or the books it has written, or the duties it has performed?

Purpose, the fullest development and noblest attainment. Fight on until the day is done. Even Samson, blind and grinding in the prison-house dared to dream of a better day and he prayed and said, "'O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me'—and he took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood and he bowed himself with all his might and the house fell upon the Lords of the Philistines and upon all the people."

Fight unconscious deterioration by meeting temptation triumphantly. There was One who conquered. He came into the wilderness. Unconscious deterioration attacked Him by the wiles of every fancy that could appeal to the strong man grown weary. He faced every temptation unrelentingly and instantly.

Profiting by His triumph and with His power,

it is possible to throttle unconscious deterioration.

To the temptation of using powers and opportunities for ends that disregard God's righteousness, be not slow to say, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

To the temptation of success at the price of moral rectitude "It is written 'Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God, and Him only shalt Thou serve.'"

"The Son of God goes forth to war  
A Kingly crown to gain.  
His blood-red banner streams afar,  
Who follows in His train?"

## VIII

### THE MASTERY OF THE BOOK

*"The ears of all the people were attentive unto the reading of the words of the book."—NEHEMIAH 8:3.*

**P**LEADING guilty to increasing the agony of a world already surfeited with books, Robert Burton, the Oxford sage, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," recalls the complaint first uttered by the Wise Man of long ago: "Of the writing of many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh." "'Tis most true," slyly comments the quaint Burton. "In this scribbling age, especially, 'wherein the number of books is without number (as a worthy man saith), presses be oppressed,' and out of an itching humour that every man hath to show himself desirous of fame and honour, he will write no matter what and scrape together it boots not whence."

But what would the Wise Man, who was King in Jerusalem three thousand years ago, and the Other Wise Man, who was King of English literati three hundred years ago, say, if they could see the formidable announcement of ten thousand new books in this country alone each year and listen to the rumbling of the printing presses multiplying

these into ten million copies! And what do we say of such formidable literary output?

We rejoice in the great variety of books that are at our command. Our library is our chief joy. Rich argosies of the poetic and prose treasures of the past, there lie at anchor awaiting our command. New gems of truth just discovered by some diligent brain-toiler of today are constantly taking their place for enlightenment. Poet and essayist, philosopher and scientist, biographer and humourist, bid us share their wealth without money and without price.

As happy-hearted vacationists we still love to take with us the bright-winged messengers of the books. By the cool ocean or in the depths of mountain retreat we delight to follow Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," or to voyage with him and his companion in the "Cigaret and the Arethuse"; or with Stewart Edward White to feel the mystery of "The Silent Places" or the compelling power of the "Blazed Trail"; or with Locke taste the romantic life of "The Beloved Vagabond."

Yes, we rejoice in the wealth of our limitless sea of books. But sometimes the very lavishness of our supply becomes bewildering and the very embarrassment of riches compels a selection and choosing of the most desirable.

An idle summer's day may give a little excuse for McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions" or "Hand-made Gentleman." But doesn't the universal comment "Of course, it's absolutely improb-

able" taboo such a choice for a steady program? What passing folly is there in wasting golden hours by cramming the mind full of the endless supply of novels that will not of themselves have a natural life of more than a few months.

So the wise one tries to choose a few from among the confusing multitude. President Eliot has made his selection. Like the wise man he is, he has made it embrace a large range, but you will notice that most of his choice are biographical or poetic. We do not know what basis he used for selection. But a book that is interesting, human, true to life, of moral worth, that is educative, that is an authority in its line and charming in style surely commends itself.

Many books possess one or the other of these qualities, but few indeed, combine them all. So few are these comprehensive books that where one is discovered, like an unexpected treasure, it should command our immediate interest and attention. For such a book is a masterful book, and can be made to master your life. Such a mastery must have been inherent in that long-lost book at whose public reading it was recorded, "And the ears of all the people were attentive unto the words of the book."

A courageous leader in the fourth century before Christ was triumphantly aiding a handful of returned Jewish exiles in the rebuilding of their sacred ancestral city and its temple. They find a copy of the law, the old book of the Covenant.

Just a portion of what we call the Pentateuch was it, just a portion of the first five books of our Old Testament. So strange was the power and fascination of that book that all the people listened with attentive ears. If even a portion of the book (and that not its most compelling part) could so move men, how great must be its power in all its comprehensive completeness, as we possess it, to-day?

It is worth while to study the mastery of this book and feel the Bible's imperial sway over conscience, mind, and heart.

No stronger testimony to the mastery of the book could be borne than that which the great English historian, Green, gives in his fascinating history in the eighth chapter, the chapter on Puritan England. Says he, "No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the long Parliament.

"England became the people of a book and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book that was familiar to every Englishman; it was read at church and read at home, and everywhere. Its words as they fell on ears which custom had deadened, kindled startling enthusiasm. When Bishop Bonner set up the first six Bibles in St. Paul's many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof; especially when they could get any audible voice to read them; while the



small Geneva Bibles carried the scripture into every home.

“So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer existed in the English tongue, when the Bible was ordered set up in the churches. Now from the Bible legend and annal, war-song and psalm, state-roll and biography, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by land and sea; all were flung broadcast by minds unoccupied for the most part with any rival learning.

“The fall of Constantinople a century earlier had given the start to Greek literature which wrought the revolution of the Renaissance. Now the disclosure of the older mass of Hebrew literature wrought the revolution of the Reformation. The power of the English Bible became the mightiest force in the literature and social life of the people. The Bible formed practically the whole accessible literature. A strange mosaic of Biblical work and phrase coloured English talk two hundred years ago, just as we use bits of Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, and Thackeray. The mass of picturesque allusion which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural because the range of Hebrew fitted it for the expression of every feeling. When Spencer poured his warmest love notes in the ‘Epithalamium’ he adapted the very words of the psalmist, as he bade

the gates open for the reception of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sunburst with the cry of David, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the smoke vanished so shalt thou drive them away.' Far greater," continues Green, "was the effect of the Bible on the people at large. The whole moral effect produced nowadays by the religious newspaper, the tract, the essay, the lecture, the missionary report, the sermon was then produced by the Bible alone. The effect was amazing—the whole temper of the nation felt the change. A new moral and religious impulse spread through every class."

Could more telling testimony be borne to the masterful power of any book? If you would further grasp the masterful power of this book:

1. Note its *Moral Grandeur*.

We need no stronger evidence of the book's moral power than is already given in that statement of Green's, "No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than during those years of Elizabeth's reign . . . then England became the people of a book and that book was the Bible." The same story comes from every land and every clime where the contents of the book have been loyally listened to. The story of the carving of our own nation out of the wilderness of forest and prairie and mountain testifies the same great truth. The taking of the book in prairie schooners on the far frontier and rough backwoods cabin and the living of its pre-

cepts made our fathers a God-fearing, righteous-living, liberty-loving people. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We know that Thomas Jefferson was speaking what our national history has proven true when he said, "I commend the study of the sacred page to all my countrymen. Its perusal can but make of them better husbands, better men, better citizens." The book itself shows where such moral power lies. The grandeur of its moral ideal speaks to the human conscience from every page. If human frailty and human nature sometimes blot its ideal characters, if Abraham lies and David grievously sins, and the truthful record tells us so, it is a cause to commend the trustworthiness of the narrative and its true human portrayal, rather than to decry. Nowhere is sin pandered to, always is it held up for human ignominy and divine displeasure.

If social customs and barbaric cruelty find a higher recognition on some of its Old Testament pages than approve themselves to our Christian consciences, whence came the light of our Christian consciences? We should but be thankful again to the God of righteousness, who could reveal Himself step by step in the onward march of human development, until at last the full revelation of God's Fatherhood and man's brotherhood could be appreciated. We would not decry the England of today, because under Elizabeth, sheep-stealing and a hundred other crimes of like nature were punishable by death. Rather would we look to the end of

the development and admire the noble English manhood which so exalts and protects human life today. So would our admiration thrill at the development of morality and the unfolding of Himself, which God during the centuries gave through and to the one-time Egyptian slaves.

As we follow that gradual revelation of Himself through the life experience of men and a race, our hearts acknowledge allegiance, saying, "What hath God wrought?" There was Moses, slave-born dweller in kings' palaces, self-exiled heir to a great throne, a shepherd dwelling in the wilderness, emancipator of people. He gives to the world the rubric of a moral and legal code which has lasted and will last through the centuries. He established the foundations on which rest the commonwealth of today. The "Ten Commandments," summing up the Mosaic teachings, are the Rosetta stone of moral conduct, unlocking to every conscience the imperative of duty to God and duty to man. As you turn the pages of the rugged old Hebrew prophets and read their flaming sentences of moral obligation, of social righteousness and civil conduct, do not your consciences burn within you? Are you not smitten to your heart as Amos, the old farmer of Tekoa, tells of God's righteousness, as broken-hearted Hosea tells of God's love, as Joel tells of God's unavoidable Judgment? Where, out of pages in history, either ancient or modern, can you find such a matchless summation of right conduct as old Micah gives when he says, "What doth the

Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord thy God"? Truly these moral messages shall quicken men of every race and clime. As Goethe says of Shakespeare, the very leaves of these passages seem to rustle and to be driven to and fro by the winds of destiny. The sermon on the mount and the golden rule complete what is lacking for the moral splendour of the golden age. If Mount Sinai's thunderous legislation seems too cold for winning men, let them look at the broken-hearted love on Mount Calvary's height. Through all the record the sublimity of moral grandeur calls man up to the highest.

2. Note the mastery of the book through its intellectual leadership.

The Bible has a natural attractiveness for the human mind because of its piercing truth. It distinctly recognizes its limitations and does not claim to give the final truth on all questions of science and history. But in the realm of religion and of morals it gives the last emphatic and authoritative word of truth, and it does it in a bold and decisive manner. "The Word of God is quick, powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." There is no book in the realm of religion which so grips the mind with its truth as do the scriptures. The mightiest intellects from Augustine and John Calvin

in their commentaries, to Mr. Gladstone in his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," and Dr. George Adam Smith of our day have rejoiced to grapple with the riches of its truth and lay it before others for their edification and inspiration.

The intellectual leadership of the Bible is still further enhanced by the charm of its literary style. Our King James version is admittedly the purest type of classic English. What dry repetition makes up the Koran! What infinite and fascinating variety of style and treatment do we find in our scriptures! History, masterpieces of oratory, laws, philosophy, maxims, parables, poems, visions, prayers, war councils of generals, cabinet meetings of kings with their ministers, songs, personal letters in delightful profusion greet the attention of the reader, and each in the most beautiful and fitting form.

The intellectual leadership of the Bible is abundantly attested in literature. All the great masters have abounded in the use of Biblical figure, language, and lore. You cannot be a man or woman of culture and be ignorant of the Bible. Milton and Shakespeare overflow with Biblical allusion. You cannot read a play of Shakespeare without Biblical quotation. Robert Browning, the most intellectual poet of England, made the Bible the warp and woof of many of his choicest poems. "Saul," the gem of them all, is but a dramatic telling of our long familiar story of Israel's first king and the shepherd lad destined to succeed him. Dr. Van

Dyke in his article on Tennyson and the Bible enumerated so many quotations by the great laureate in his poems, that he finds that on the average, you cannot turn more than a second or third page of the voluminous eight hundred and fifty page Cambridge edition of his works without coming across something from the Bible.

Nor have the great intellectual leaders been slow in acknowledging the hegemony of the Bible among books. Walter Scott said, "There is but one book, the Bible." Mr. Huxley said, "The Bible is the only great literature within reach of all the people." Mr. Ruskin acknowledged his lasting debt to the ingrainings of Bible truth through his mother's training in early days. It is said that Daniel Webster's customary preparation for the delivery of an oration was to read the eighth Psalm and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah.

"Gen. Lew Wallace from the Cincinnati convention, nominating Blaine for the Presidency, went home with Ingersoll whose speech for the successful nominee had added to his laurels as an orator. Mr. Ingersoll entered into a tirade against God, Christianity, and the Bible. It was not his purpose to direct Gen. Wallace's attention to the Bible, but such was the result. Gen. Wallace walked the streets for two hours that night, unable to sleep. Afterwards, he began a careful study of the scriptures, resulting in a complete change in the plan of 'Ben-Hur' and of his own life. Lord Tennyson taught himself Hebrew that he might under-

stand the Old Testament. He called Solomon's Song the most perfect epic celebrating a rural maiden's loyalty to her shepherd lover in any language. Huxley called the book of Job 'a classic of pessimism.' Genung of Amherst calls it 'An Epic of the Inner Life.' Carlyle rejoiced in it; so did Tennyson. Froude, the historian, said of Job, 'It will be found at last to tower above all the poetry of the world.'" William T. Stead, editor of the *English Review of Reviews*, whose death on the Titanic was deplored by the leading London dailies as the going of a brilliant journalist, publicly acknowledged the great debt that he owed to the book of Proverbs.

The universal use of Biblical titles for the best selling novels is scarcely realized. But when some keen writer would select a striking phrase to command the attention of the crowd, he trusts not his own genius, but goes to the Bible, the thesaurus of apt statements. Hall Caine's tragic appeal for the human annulment of the divine institution of marriage, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," is but a bold transference of Adam's excuse for wrongdoing as recorded in Genesis; "The Street Called Straight" immediately suggests the spot where Saul of Tarsus was to become Paul, the Christian. "The Inside of the Cup" tells its own secret of the derivation of its name from Christ's discerning criticism of the scribes and pharisees. Hall Caine, Walter Besant, Kipling, Mrs. Wharton, Booth Tarkington, and numerous others have all confessed



in the naming of their books their debt to the Bible. "The City of Refuge," "The Alabaster Box," "The White Christ," "Hagar's Son," "Many Inventions," "In Kedar's Tents," "The Fruit of the Tree," "The Valley of Decision," "Let Not Man Put Asunder," "Prisoners of Hope," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Walls of Jericho," "The Quest for the Rose of Sharon," "The Bad Samaritan," all confess that theirs was a Biblical christening.

3. The human interest of the Bible gives it mastery over our hearts. There is nothing so universally appealing as life. Boys and girls, men and women are always eager to hear the doings of other boys and girls and other men and women. The zest of history comes from the very fact that it deals with life. The Bible is essentially a book of history and biography. It presents life in action, and therein consists its fascination. Insight is given into scores of lives just as real as any that are lived today. What witchery of home life, what stir of industrial life, what nobility of womanhood, what variety of young manhood striving for success, is here found!

The most valuable contribution to biography is personal correspondence. If the scholarly Morley would write an exhaustive life of Gladstone, he is not satisfied with conversation with intimate friends, nor with the record of public speeches, but must needs saturate himself with the great statesman's very spirit by reading thousands of his let-

ters. If the correspondence of any of the great is published with what avidity it is seized upon by the public.

What charm of letters there is in the Bible. There are twenty-seven books in the New Testament. Five of them are histories, twenty-two of them are personal letters. How rich they are in the expression of the writers' love for the recipients, and how full of personal inquiry after unknown friends. Think of Paul and his friends as they and he stand revealed in that matchless correspondence that makes up the bulk of the New Testament.

What fascination there is in the portrayal of the lives of the courageous in the Bible. "All the world loves a lover," and all the world loves a hero. What heroic men and women walk through Bible pages!

There never was a book so full of human interest as is that library of sixty-six volumes which we call the Bible. It came through human channels, it deals with live men, with the experiences of a people on their way to God through very human surroundings. The Bible is not a book of beliefs, but of men believing; it is not a book of prayers, but of men praying; it is not a book of ethics, but of men sinning, repenting, and righting themselves through the help of God.

What a travesty that this most human of all books, capable of appealing to all human emotions, should have often been bereft of its charm and its

power by treating that which was glowing with life as if it were a thing petrified.

Imagination plays in scripture with all the charm of her power.

Napoleon said imagination rules the world. Walter Scott told a friend that he thought he could be happy even though the rest of his days should be spent in a dungeon because of the soaring heights of his imagination which could fly above all prison walls. The value of the religious use of the imagination cannot be overestimated. Horace Bushnell said to a friend, "When God made man, He declared His work was well done. But God considered His work and added, 'No, Man is not finished. There is no entrance into his soul large enough to admit Me. I will open him the great door of the imagination that I may go to him and he may come to Me.'" Entering through the doorway of the imagination, into what visions of spiritual possibility the scriptures lead the soul. Kepler felt that in the study of astronomy he was thinking God's thoughts after Him. After the same fashion the psalmist prayed, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of the book of Thy law."

Spiritual power and beauty are the crowning feature of this book in mastering the citadel of man's heart. There are other books of fascinating beauty and charm. This book not only charms, but through its Psalms and the master passages of its prophets leads the spirit of man straight up to the

soul of God and makes the spirit of man shout aloud, "O taste and see and know that the Lord is good."

The Bible is God's message to the human soul. It not only gives the moral code, and the ethics of social conduct, but it furnishes the divine conception of what God is as Jesus Christ saw Him, and the immortal destiny that awaits each individual who learns to look upon God as his Father. The Bible fires the hearts with that prophetic spirit which pushes the columns of society ever forward in behalf of the oppressed, so that women and little children shall no longer grind their lives out at labour that was not meant for them, so that nations shall no longer kill young men in the legalized system of murder called war, until at last the golden age is achieved because the golden rule is lived and God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven.

4. If such is the masterful power of the Bible, what shall we say of the question of our mastering it?

The Bible is the proud possession of Christians, but competent judges say that fully seventy-five per cent of church members do not open theirs once a month. Sad and pathetic is the common ignorance of the great majority of America's younger generation concerning this masterful book. College professors constantly complain of it from a cultural standpoint. It has been reported that a Professor of English in Amherst floored an entire Junior

Class by a reference in one of the psalms of Dryden to the blind patriarch feeling after the hands of his son. Another report says, "A university professor found that very few in his courses could explain such references as the Valley of Dry Bones, the Waters of Marah, and the Cave of Adullam. He asked nine simple questions, such as, what is the Pentateuch? Is the book of Jude in the Old or New Testament? Name one of the Judges. Give one of the beatitudes. Out of ninety-six papers returned only eight gave correct answers to all the questions. Over half could not locate Jude; Solomon, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Leviticus were named as Judges; Matthew, Luke, and John were turned into prophets; Herod, Ananias, and Nebuchadnezzar were Kings of Israel; one said the Pentateuch was the same as the gospel." \* Not long ago a newspaper syndicate of questions of supposed educational value to club women had for question number nine, "What is the Pentateuch?" In the supposed correct list of answers published the next day, the answer was, "Another name for the ten commandments"!

President Thwing \* in an article on "Significant Ignorance of the Bible," says, "A list of questions was given to Freshmen of two Bible denominations. The test consisted of passages from Tennyson each containing a Bible allusion. Thirty-two had never heard of 'the shadow turning back on the dial'; twenty-five could not explain Lot's wife; twenty-

\* E. W. Work, "The Fascination of the Book."

seven knew nothing of Peter's sheet; twenty-eight were laid low by Jonah's gourd."

In the face of such facts we do not wonder at the proposal of Chancellor MacCracken of New York University\* that colleges and universities should require from every Freshman a Sunday School diploma certifying that he knew by heart the ten commandments, the sermon on the mount, a church catechism, and a score of the psalms and classic hymns. "So much as in us lies," he added, "we will make the college a place for preserving and strengthening reverence for things divine."

The times are peculiarly ripe for a rediscovery of the English Bible by the American people. Its charm would grip the attention of the heterogeneous America, if only given a chance, as strongly as it did the Puritan generation of England, and its moral fibre alone can give the tone and strength vital to the well-being of the new age in the new America.

It is the church's duty, the church's prerogative, to take the lead in this matter. Expository preaching of the Bible should have a greater place in her pulpit. She should bravely and reverently welcome the best of the constructive teachings of modern scholarship, she will prove recreant to her responsibility if she does not equip the Sunday School with the best of pedagogical methods, and she is making great strides in this direction. She must lay upon her people the necessity of reading the Bible in the

\* E. W. Work, "The Fascination of the Book"

home; of setting up again what used to be known as the family altar.

Nor will the hop-scotch method of taking a verse here and another there, here a little, there a little, out of its own surroundings, and interpreting according to preconceived ideas suffice. The delightfully varied style and authorship of the different books in the Bible, as well as the knowledge that these books were without chapter divisions for more than a thousand years and without verses for fifteen hundred years, and that they were broken into verses only to while away the tedium of a certain monk as he journeyed from Paris to Lyons, should stamp as puerile any arbitrary and mechanical method of Bible study and interpretation.

In the summer of 1914, Dr. Cope, Secretary of the Religious Education Association, in an address before the Association of Hebrew Rabbis opposed the study of the Bible in the public schools. Later Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, in addressing the same convention, said he wished Dr. Cope were present that he might ask him why no Jewish rabbis were ever on the program of the Religious Education Association.

The church and the home must forever be the main source of Biblical instruction. Nevertheless, Dr. Cope, as Secretary of the Religious Education Association, would have come far nearer voicing the strength of all education if he had accented the necessity of the presence of religious atmosphere in education, if he had insisted that children should

be brought up to see God moving in history, in geology, in every branch of life. The ten commandments, great passages from the prophets, certain of the Psalms, the sermon on the mount, and the Lord's prayer, to which no truly religious could sincerely have any objection, and whose usage in school exercises would give to the children a moral background they could never forget.

If in the church, in the Sunday School, the home, in education, this masterful book is given a chance once more, will it master the hearts of men, the lives of the people, the destiny of the nation.



## IX

### NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH

*"Not as the world giveth, give I."*—JOHN 14: 27.

THESE words were spoken by the Man of Nazareth that night when He met with His disciples in the upper room for the last time. They stamp themselves in memory to be hallowed and cherished as are the faint murmurs of our dearest friend whose dying bedside we gather round. They are to be cherished even more than such a message, for they are the dying message of Him who came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. He was about to leave this world and when He left it He made His will. His soul He bequeathed to the Father, His body to Joseph, His raiment to the soldiers, His mother He left to John; to His poor disciples, He said, "My peace I leave unto you, yet not as the world giveth, give I."

At death as in life, He would give. His had been a life at one with God. The Father's will was His. His had been a life at one with man in every experience. In that experience His mission had constantly been one of giving, He gave the smile of gladness to the joyful and tender touch of sympathy to the sorrowful. We might sum up His

life in the words, "He gave." It was because of this giving spirit that His life was ever in harmony to the divine. It was because of this giving spirit that His deeds were ever helpful to mankind. This was wherein His peace consisted, that He gave His will in subjection to His Father's and His life in service to man. What a simple thing, then, is this peace of Christ which He left to us, His disciples, as His last and most precious gift.

Yet how often we look upon it as something wonderful, supernatural, which we can never attain unto, nor understand. It is wonderful; it is supernatural. It is a wonderful thing that the spirit of God should sojourn with our human spirits. Yet it is not a thing beyond our attaining. Your experience tells you so. You know that it comes through being in harmony with God, through doing kindness for others.

The peace that our Christ left to us, His disciples, as His last and most precious gift, is a peace that comes through the giving of self in service, through the following out of the words of the text: "Not as the world giveth, give I." Let us consider this idea of giving as Christ conceived it that we might become acquainted with true giving and understand the noble power of Christianity as endeavour.

The words of Jesus "not as the world giveth, give I" show a keen appreciation on His part of a vast difference between giving as He conceived of it and giving as it was commonly understood among men. Would any man see Christ's conception of

giving let him picture the Man of Nazareth who had nowhere to lay His head walking through that Judean country from where Mount Hermon on the one hand, whose head eternally white towered above the other mountains, to where far away in the distance the Sea of Tiberias lay hidden beneath its terraced hills? Cities, villages, white houses showed the presence of a teeming population. Tiberias, Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida could testify as to how this Man was giving Himself to the helping and uplifting of their suffering citizens. It was the giving of health, gladness, and comfort that was the great mission of His life. It was this that attested His Messiahship more surely than any miracles could do. That reply, which He sent back to John by the messengers who came to inquire if He really were the Christ, is an epitome of the kind of giving which He did. "Go your way," said He, "and tell John the things you both see and hear; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached unto them." Such was the giving of Christ, a giving of Himself in service.

In Jerusalem stood a striking example of the gift given as the world giveth. The Jerusalem temple of the Roman period was an imposing testimonial to the value of money. It was the price by which Herod sought to ingratiate himself into the hearts of the Jewish people. It was a gift mighty in intrinsic cost. Its grandeur was not surpassed by

temples of Egypt, of Persia, nor by its great predecessor built by Solomon. It combined the architectural vastness of the Orient with the more æsthetic Grecian art. This structure had an entrance that surpassed even the rest of the building in grandeur. This was the outer gate of the temple, the one which opened from the temple area upon the broad and splendid highway which led up from the city to the sacred place.

The account in the Book of Acts gives us the story of an episode that occurred near this beautiful gate of the temple that keenly illustrates the difference between giving as Christ gives and giving as it is commonly understood among men. We read that as the apostles Peter and John were going up to the temple to pray one afternoon they entered this gateway. As they drew near its massive door which was composed entirely of Corinthian brass whose workmanship surpassed that of every other gate in the temple, doubtless the bright eastern sun brought out into grand effect the glory of the splendid structure. Beyond the gate itself they could see "the open courts, the vistas of the galleries, the sweep of the stairs, the brilliant walls of the temple edifice." Such was the lordliness of Herod's gift.

As the poor apostles paused in the midst of such magnificence, perhaps they longed in their heart of hearts for the wealth to make such an offering to their Master's cause. Surely none could be more valuable than this!

As they reach the beautiful gate, there in the midst of such sublime grandeur and fitness of things lay a poor ragged beggar, a cripple, who asked alms of the passers-by. What could be more incongruous,—the most splendid gift in all the world side by side with a miserable man seeking a small pittance wherewith to keep soul and body together! Cringingly the lame man holds out his hand to the followers of the lowly Nazarene. John we may imagine looking on him with sympathetic eye of love. Peter, ever active and ready to take the lead, we find exclaiming, "Look on us." The cripple's heart gives a throb of hope. Gladly he obeys the injunction and gazes intently upon the compassionate stranger, his wasted hand twitching in expectation of the gift now surely forthcoming; but instead of the alms come the words, "Silver and gold have I none." How the poor man's heart must have sunk with disappointment and chagrin. No gift was to be his, then, after all. Yet scarcely has he recovered from the shock of these disappointing words when his strange visitor continues in earnest voice, "But what I have that give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. Then He took him by the right hand and raised him up . . . and his feet and ankle bones were made whole and he went with them into the temple walking and leaping and praising God." Peter and John had given as Christ gave. They gave what they could. Herod had given as the world gives. Was his gift with all its costliness

to be compared with theirs? Wherein consists the difference between the two? Herod had given lavishly, but with the selfish purpose of enhancing his own popularity. The poor apostles had given apparently nothing; the power from their Christian hearts of love had given a gift which the gold of all the world could not buy. Their action exemplifies giving in its most Christian sense.

*True Christ Giving.* This contrast between giving as the world gives and giving as Christ gives shows the desire to be of service as the potent factor in true giving. It is hard to realize at times the full truth of this statement as a universal law. Money means so much in our life that we straightway think that the pouring out of riches in large sums, or the doling out of them in small, makes of us true givers. But mature consideration shows that the mere fact of giving is in itself a small virtue. Politicians deal out their patronage, seeking their own preferment. Such men are Herods making a temple show in hopes that their prestige will ultimately be greater. Often we put ourselves in such a class when we least suspect it. We do things for policy's sake, as we say; we give expecting to be given to in return. We give because it's the proper thing; because it will be known of and appreciated among men. We expect a sure return. In so doing we are like the fruit blossoms which give out honey to the passing bee, only that they may receive pollen in return; or we are like the bee which carries pollen from flower to flower, only

because in its flying hither and yon, sucking here and sucking there, some of the life-giving dust has clung to its legs and is brushed off in the continual mad chase for honey. Such is the method of give and take that Nature has established for carrying out her purposes. It is a worthy system of reciprocity and an admirable one. It is what we might call a good sound business arrangement,—no higher name does it deserve; and yet we who are infinitely above the flower and the insect would fain call ourselves generous givers when we are but following out the same idea of exchange.

So we may see that the intrinsic value of the gift does not constitute giving in its noblest sense. Money as a gift can do great things and never should we underestimate the duty and necessity of giving it. Yet its money value does not make its real worth. Money as a gift may build a hospital, but it cannot create physicians; it may endow a college, but it cannot make scholars; it may establish libraries in every town and hamlet from the Atlantic to the Pacific, yet it cannot of itself make readers of the people. When we call a physician to minister to our necessity we do not care whether he has riches or not, the gift we want from him is not of monetary value but of life. When Thomas Aquinas visited Innocent IV, the Pope displayed the great treasures of the church and boasted: "The time has gone by when the church must say silver and gold have I none." "Yes," replied the saintly doctor, "and the time has gone by when the

church can say to the lame man, rise up and walk." Reflection forces us to concede that the value of the gift is not to be measured by its cost in money.

If, as we have seen, neither the mere act of giving nor yet the cost price of what is given, is of highest import, in determining the real worth of beneficence, can the prime factor for discerning noble giving be found elsewhere than in the purpose which underlies the gift? That purpose is most golden where it desires to be of service.

The desire to be of service which we found so clearly exemplified in Christ that it was the main feature of His giving, and His existence is then the primary characteristic of true giving in whatever aspect we look at the matter. It was this which animated the lives of pagan philosophers when they knew not the light which came through Christ. It was this which led Socrates to endure hardship in his domestic affairs and calumny at the hand of his fellow-citizens. He sought to give himself in service that he might teach men his philosophy. Christ gave Himself in service that He might teach men not a philosophy, but the way of life. He gave Himself in service that religion might be to every man not merely a creed but an experience, not a restraint but an inspiration, not an insurance for the next world, but a program for this world.

As the giving of self in service was the watchword of its Founder so has it ever been the life of



Christianity. This has given Christianity life primarily because it marks it off as a call to do something rather than to believe certain hard and fast dogmas. When dealing with religion as a doctrine or as an institution the assailant often enough has a task quite to his mind but when he meets it as the sheer enthusiasm of goodness, as the organized effort for the world's betterment, there is simply nothing for him to say. By this has religion been transformed from an austere superstition, demanding a fearing obedience, into a winsome aid to the living of a true life. What opponents of the gospel have been continually forgetting is that while its histories and thought forms lie easily open to attack, its actual life from age to age has done nothing of the kind. What really has mattered through all has been the desire to give self in service, which has continued ever since the first true life. This has been the means of the presence of an unseen energy derived from the spiritual world, exhibiting itself in human characters and compelling them to action upon themselves and upon others for a higher life.

#### GIVING OF SELF IN SERVICE THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY

The evidence for the power derived from this giving of self in service lies all along the line in the history of Christianity. In the primitive Christian age the supreme significance is not in the theory of creation or of the final end of things held by

those first believers, but in the love for Christ, in the passion for holiness, and in the longing to take up the same life of service which the Master had lived. How clearly we may see this life-giving principle shows itself in a record which a pagan writer of the third century has left to us. He says, "Christians are not distinguished from the rest of mankind, either in locality or in speech or in customs. For they dwell not somewhere in cities of their own, neither do they use some different language, nor practise an extraordinary kind of life. Nor again do they possess any invention discovered by any intelligence of ingenious man, nor are they masters of any human dogma as some are. But while they dwell in cities of Greeks and barbarians as the lot of each is cast and follow the native customs in dress and food and other arrangements of life, yet the constitution of their own citizenship is marvellous and confessedly surpasses expectation. They dwell in their own countries, but only as sojourners; they bear their share in all things as citizens, and they endure all hardships as strangers. Every foreign country is a fatherland to them and every fatherland is foreign. Their existence is on earth but their citizenship is in heaven. They obey the established laws and they surpass the laws in their own life. They love all men and they are persecuted by all. They are ignored and yet they are condemned. They are put to death and yet they are imbued with life. They are in beggary and yet they make many rich. They are in want

of all things and yet they abound in all things. They are dishonoured and yet they are glorified in their dishonour. They are evil spoken of and yet they are vindicated. They are reviled and they bless; they are insulted and they respect. Doing good, they are punished as evildoers; being punished, they rejoice as if they were thereby quickened into life." Could there be a grander testimony to the giving of self in service?

It was this which produced that moral condition which Aristides sketches in his "Apology" at the beginning of the second century, where he speaks of the blameless life of the brotherhood and of their immense charity; of how where there is any amongst them poor and needy, and if they have no spare food they fast two or three days in order to supply to the needy their lack of food; and of their consequent heavenly gladness the peace of Christ, for he continues, "And surely the race of Christians is more blessed than all the men who are upon the face of the earth and there is something divine mingled with it."

The same has been the secret of life in even the most corrupt phases of the church's history. When we look at Romanism past and present, measuring the chasm between its dogmas and scientific truth, we often wonder at its long continued and fast hold upon the people. We need not, for its power has not been in these things. It is and has been in possessing within its fold multitudes of simple souls who have only a bowing acquaintance with dogma,

but whose life is in loving and in giving self in devoted service.

Many were the thousands of such souls during the age of darkness when learning fled from Europe and civilization was buried beneath the sleep that overtook men's intellects. While pope and bishop busied themselves in getting the best things of this world,—not for the glory of Christ, but for the gratification of their own personal ambition,—then it was that not authoritative dogma, nor costly cathedral, nor impressive ritual kept alive the power of the church, but it was the effort in every activity of life to follow in the steps of Christ by the giving of self in service that made the Christian cause triumphant in the world. Such lives were found not only among the hermits who dwelt in the caves and cliffs of the mountains, but in the huts and hovels of the tenants on landed estates, in massive castles that sheltered rough and rugged barons. Such lives were found not always in places that gave opportunity for large renown; they existed in countless numbers where least we suspect. They gave themselves, did their part, in keeping alive true Christ-giving. They gave to the world magnificent service; though no costly mausoleum marks their resting-place, they kept alive Christianity and found for themselves the peace of Christ.

Here and there we find men of unusual gifts and qualities standing out like beacon lights along the darkened pathway of ignorance and selfishness through which Christianity has travelled during

the centuries. Dark was that road and steep at the milestone of the thirteenth century. At that period there grew up in Italy's vale of Umbria in the midst of rich fields and woods and pleasant streams, a youth born to riches and splendour, to all the gaiety and luxury of a worldly life. Happy in disposition he entered with zest into all the pleasures which such an unburdened existence allowed him. But the time came when he realized truly all that Christ had done for him; his whole soul was filled with a passion for God. He left his father's house—not even a change of raiment did he take with him—and gave himself to a life of service; a service which would not even find for itself a home in the recognized channels of church work. But putting aside all the comforts and many of the necessities of life he went about from place to place ever seeking to succour the unfortunate and to make men realize the power of the Christ life. Dwelling in a tumble-down hut, and with only such fragments and scraps of food for his nourishment as were given to him, he attracted others by his life of wonderful unselfishness and they, too, gave themselves to a like service. The little company grew and increased, ever keeping close to the Christ life of their leader, Francis of Assisi, until within a few years there were not only hundreds but hundreds of thousands of brown-robed men who were giving their very lives for the sake of helping those round about them. Whatever may have been the ascetic fanaticism of these mediæval men of God,

and whatever may have been the evils that later grew up in the great order of the Franciscans, which they founded, we cannot but recognize in them the practical realization of the ideal of giving self in service, which has ever been the genius of Christianity.

#### SERVICE—THE SECRET OF LIFE TODAY

The spirit of Christ is being preserved today by this same giving of self in service. Nor does its expression necessitate a resting-place in secluded cloister. Rather is it found in such organizations as the *Fillé de la Charité*, which St. Vincent de Paul, another one of those perpetuators of the life which Christ brought to men, founded in the sixteenth century. It numbers today more than 30,000 in France and has for its rule: "The streets of the city, or the houses of the sick, shall be your cells; obedience your solitude; the fear of God your grating; a strict and holy modesty your only veil."

The spirit of social service, loudly proclaimed "child of the twentieth century," is really the eternal child of Christianity,—as much at home in the first Christian century and the fifteenth as in the twentieth. John Calvin at Geneva, cleaning up the streets, abolishing the filthy fish markets, establishing silk factories, introducing laws and governments for the benefit of all the people, exemplified it. John Wesley and Charles Whitfield brought to England a new age of Christian devotion only that the children of England, the poor of England, the

prisoners of England under John Howard and Hannah Moore might be ministered unto in a very practical sense.

Jane Addams, dwelling in the crowded slum of a great city, having herself appointed garbage inspector and moving in the heat of summer amidst fever smitten homes, and finding herself duplicated in multitudes of the choicest product of this generation, is the real flower of the devotion exemplified in Him who said, "Not as the world giveth, give I."

The church cannot always serve in institutional fashion, and perhaps in the vast majority of cases it were better that she should serve by cultivating those springs of Christ-love in her sons and daughters which shall inevitably send them forth to minister in practical sense, in all the avenues where there is a call to bind up the broken-hearted, to study the causes of poverty and disease, and to bring in the era of social justice and of brotherhood through all the world.

It is an evil thing for the humanitarian hearts of today to try to proclaim social service without the aid of the sympathetic voice of the church of Christ, and equally evil for the church to give all her attention to saving men's souls for the next world without trying to make a more wholesome and happy world for them to live in now. Social service is the daughter of Christianity. She cannot afford to cast off her venerable Mother, nor can the Mother ignore her child.

In the spirit of Him who said, "Not as the world

giveth, give I," must the church and all uplifting souls take that motto which the heroic Scottish minister, Dr. Chalmers, kept above his desk:

"For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
And the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do."



## X

### BORROWERS AND LENDERS

*"I am debtor both to the Greek and also to the Barbarian."*

ROMANS I: 14.

**T**HE world is keenly aware of varying races today. Racial characteristics, racial traits, racial heritages are much dwelt upon. Every race of men seems to feel itself infinitely superior to every other race. The Germans have been obsessed with their own superiority, only in their madness to exhibit the greatest moral inferiority the world has known. Race fear has played a large part in German deterioration. Race fear has been almost universal. For generations we have known of the race peril in the South from the presence of the one-time African slaves, then came the yellow peril from across the China Sea, then followed the Japanese peril, then the Mexican peril. England, with later justification, has shivered at the presence of what she called the Teutonic peril, while the Germans have been equally concerned about the far-off approach of a Slav peril, which like a mighty glacier was pushing slowly but surely from far-off Siberia and Russia for the ultimate crushing of Western Civilization. The hosts of the world are making night hideous today with nightmares which

have become a reality because of constant nervousness over these threatening race perils.

Race pride is universal; nor is it barren of noble achievements. It serves to put a people on their mettle; the knowledge of a great past will frequently stir to the using of the present for the sake of a surpassing future. It will compel to the costliest acts of self-sacrifice; it warms the heart with the deepest sentiment. The good old air sings itself on and never dies:

"Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the thistle.  
 Show me the Englishman who doesn't love the rose,  
 Show me the true-hearted son of old Erin who doesn't love  
 the spot  
 Where the Shamrock grows?"

A sentimental public answers antiphonally, "Show me the Frenchman whose heart doesn't bound at the sound of the 'Marseillaise'? Show me the American for whom the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Dixie,' and 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' will not give a quiver of devotion?"

So full of sentiment is race pride, yet also it is the fountain source of bigotry, selfishness, and intolerance. It makes heart burnings; it stirs envy and jealousy.

Race prejudice is the ill-gotten child of race pride. It is conceived in envy and brought forth in dishonour. Perennially tonic is the adventurous journey after the Golden Fleece undertaken by Hercules and Orpheus and Nestor, and two score other youthful heroes of Greece, who were after-

ward to attain large renown. With high hopes they set sail from Colchis in the gigantic little ship that held just fifty men. Arrived at the longed-for haven Jason was told that he could have the Golden Fleece provided he could yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet, and sow the teeth of the dragon which Cadmus had slain, and from which it was well known that a crop of armed men would spring up who would turn their weapons against their producer. By means of a certain magic stone furnished by Medea, Jason was able to subdue these monsters. But not so with the modern Argonauts who have sought the Golden Fleece in the craft Race Pride. They have landed in the coveted country, they have yoked the fire-breathing bulls, they have sown the dragon's teeth of race prejudice, but when they essay to assail the armed host which has sprung from these venomous seed they lack the magic charm and go down to death smitten by the results of their own folly.

Race prejudice is the direct product of ignorance. To speak slightly and scoffingly of the achievement of any race is to show one's own ignorance of history, to confess his own lack of knowledge of the things that have made the world great. If race prejudice is the direct product of ignorance, it feeds on envy and jealousy, and when it is full grown it turns loose into the world more thistles and thorns, more plagues and diseases than ever were borne by ill winds from Pandora's box to prey upon an unfortunate humanity.

There are but two cures for the dread malady of race prejudice with all its deadly evils: knowledge and a cultivation of the spirit of brotherhood.

While race prejudice is so keenly exalted today it is well for the world to remember that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, so also no nation liveth or dieth unto itself.

In the midst of the proud boasting of race pride one realizes that after all there are but two races among men, and these two races are divided not by blood, nor by clime, nor by history, nor yet by geography. These two races have much in common. They live in the same little world, they have the same biological ancestry, they have common blood, common physical endowment, common spiritual heritage. Of course not all are alike, but the differences are individual and not racial, and all have the same three score and ten years for making the most of themselves and their environments, and then they go to the same mysterious common destiny, according as each hath builded.

Confessing the unescapable solidarity of the human race, the oneness of its existence on earth at any coincident time, we yet recognize that there are two races among men and only two. It shall be of infinite value in the solution of the great race problem today to study these two races.

What are these two races of men? Charles Lamb in one of his essays of Elia remarks, "The human species according to the best theory I can form of it is composed of two distinct races, *the men who bor-*

*row and the men who lend.* To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications, of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, flock hither and do naturally fall in with one another."

The division of borrowers and lenders which Lamb applies to individuals is equally true of peoples and nations. Paul realized it when he said, "I am debtor both to the Greek and to the Barbarian, both to the wise and to the foolish." Helen Keller has graphically portrayed it in her discussion entitled "The Hand of the World." With eye of the spirit, far keener than any physical eye, she discerns herself and all dwellers on earth as being ministered to by a gnarled, yet kindly hand, the great hand of the world, and the fingers of this hand are composed of all artificers and labourers and workmen in every trade and art and industry and profession. All of these are mutually parts of each other, and all unite for the sake of working for all.

The warring nations of the world are all debtors to one another, artistically, economically, financially, and politically. When Germany has been beaten to her senses, she will realize that other nations have made valuable contributions to the world, and we shall recognize that even Germany has produced something besides frightfulness. Russia has produced something besides despotism and ballet-dances and anarchy; Tolstoy and Verschagin speak

the infinite idealism that slumbers in the heart of the Russian people. Twenty years ago when a negro educator from Tuskegee sprang into national fame at the Atlanta Exposition, he did it because in his speech he used the phrase, "White people and the black people of the South can be as united as the palm of the hand so far as our industrial affairs are concerned, but as separate as the fingers so far as social affairs are concerned." As stricken nations shall face the problem of securing a new era of permanent peace they shall best succeed by constantly reminding themselves and the world of the contribution which every race of men makes to every other race.

Before he examines the two races of borrowers and lenders as applied to nations and peoples, the observer will profit by noticing the function and defects of borrowers and lenders as applied to individuals.

### THE BORROWERS

With delightful satire Lamb describes these two races, "The infinite superiority of the former, (i.e.) the borrowers, which I choose," he says, "to designate as the great race is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter (the lenders) are born degraded; 'he shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this caste lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manner of the other. Observe," says he, "who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades, Falstaff,

Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley, —what a family likeness in all four!

“What a careless even deportment hath your borrower! What a rosy gill, what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest, taking no more thought than the lilies! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas or feast of Holy Michael. To one like Elia whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers, than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean borrowers of books, those mutilators of collection, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves and creators of odd volumes.”

But Lamb was not the only creator of apt pictures of conscienceless borrowers. Was not Horace Skimpole a veritable parasite at Bleak House, so sunshiny, so childlike, always so delightful, and yet being able to exist only because of the constant borrowing from good Mr. Jarndyce? The aimless Micawber was just as great and unreliable a borrower from time and circumstance.

Nor does the race of borrowers stop with these. There is such a thing as social borrowing from the family tree and the latest fashion mode. There is the mental borrower, too light-brained to have an original thought, or to cultivate his thinking by companionship with great books. Some even become borrowers of trouble; they have forgotten that “a merry heart doeth good like a medicine”;

they will not believe that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." There is the moral borrower. He never takes a stand for a moral issue, he is content to let the world run up hill or down, it matters not to him; he does not know that Dante found his ilk denied entrance either to heaven or hell. There is the spiritual borrower, the religious tramp; unlike his property he keeps his religion in his wife's name.

A nuisance to others, the borrower stands in the road of his own best development. "Poor Richard" was full of injunctions asserting the value of thrift and industry as over against the easy road of borrowing. "Owe no man anything," said Saint Paul. It is far easier to sign a note than it is to pay one. The young man or young woman who resolves to start a savings account shall escape the woes of the borrower.

Yet as full of emptiness as the borrower may become there is a legitimate borrowing. The development of a complex world could not go forward without the aid of the borrowers and the lenders. The son of a wealthy Chicago packer, while still in the University, was taken by his elder brother to the bank to borrow ten thousand dollars that he might learn the value of a wise investment.

Robert Burton, the Oxford sage, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" naïvely says, "If that severe doom of Synesius be true, 'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours than their clothes,' what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand



at the bar among others and am guilty of felony of this kind. As apothecaries we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another and as those old Romans robbed all of the cities of the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other new wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set our own sterile plots."

Shakespeare borrowed the plots of most of his plays. But he made them his own because he gave to them the master touch of eternity.

The sole condition of legitimate borrowing is that one shall make an improvement of what he has borrowed so that he turns it into something more valuable. This is what Lanier found pictured in that scraggy field of Georgia corn which he celebrated in his "Corn."

"Look out of line one tall corn captain stands,  
He takes from all that he might give to all."

Young men and young women of culture, you must realize that you have been borrowers; you have been borrowers of knowledge, borrowers of learning, borrowers of ideas, borrowers of companionship.

Not one day of all the years of your pilgrimage has been passed without your being a debtor. You are debtors to the God who made you, who gave you strong bodies and clear minds, to the Christ who redeemed you, to the mother who bore you, to the father who worked for you, to the home that

cared for you in tender years and sacrificed that you might have a college education, to the State that provides an education for all children, to the nation that makes possible justice and freedom under the law.

You are debtors to all artisans and workers that feed and clothe the world, to all inventors and discoverers, to the thinkers and prophets and poets of every age, to teachers, educators, investigators. It were well for you to discover how great is your debt to Plato, to Aristotle, to Paul, to Wyclif, to Luther, to Calvin, to Wesley. The world is even now confessing the magnitude of its debt to the greatest of all poets. He has given finely turned and expressive phrases to men of common speech who know not whence that language came. Dr. Palmer, of Harvard, says that were Shakespeare not the creator of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," he would be immortal because of his 154 Sonnets.

You little dream how great is your debt to the English Bible. But there was no such thing as English literature until the Bible was translated into the English tongue. Milton, Spenser, Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson—these confess their debt to the Bible by the abounding use they make of the scriptures. Ruskin bore testimony to the influence on all his life and work of the familiarity with the Bible which he gained at his mother's knee. America with her institutions of democracy and freedom and justice and right was born amid

the Puritan-England which was inbred with the Bible.

The debt to Jesus Christ cannot be overestimated. It was because he first of all recognized how much he owed to Him that Paul, the proud Jew, was able to say, "I am debtor to the Greek and also to the Barbarian." In this day when you are tempted to doubt the value of Christianity, when the scale seems to favour the rule of the jungle rather than the rule of love, weigh the mighty testimony which disinterested scholars bear to the influence of Christ during 1900 years. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," testifies that Christianity banished the gladiatorial shows and infanticide, that the exalted position of womanhood as companion rather than plaything was due to Christianity, that philanthropy and charity owe their greatest inspiration to Christianity, that there was no such thing as hospital for the sick until the Christian woman Fabiola established one at Rome. Fatherhood of God, brotherhood of man, purity of home life, peace of heart, courageous power, immortality of the human spirit, found their Alpha and Omega in Jesus Christ. What would art be without Christ and the Madonna? What would music be without the portrayal of the passion of the Son of God?

You are debtors to all achievements of the human spirit of every age and clime, and very ancient is the tale of that debt. "Religion is older than Abraham, morality is older than Moses, sacrifice is older than Jesus, strength is older than Samson,

poetry is older than David, music is older than the Psalms."

### THE LENDERS

The sole condition of legitimate borrowing is that one shall make improvement on what he has borrowed, so that he turns it into something more valuable.

You can never pay the debt which you owe unless you become better workmen and turn over to your day and generation happier conditions, more wholesome surroundings. You are justified as borrowers only that you might in turn become *lenders*, not lenders after the fashion of Shylock, but generous contributors to the community of the best workmanship and character and personality of which you are capable. The aim of education is the development of power. The only legitimate use of that power is not for self but for service.

You shall become valued lenders only insofar as you are diligent users of what you have owed. The educated man is not the man that knows every bit of knowledge, but he is the one who knows how, —how to think, how to study, how to ascertain facts, how to deduce the proper conclusions, and how to have the proper determination to express those conclusions in action.

No man or woman can be valued lenders unless they are diligent workers. No man can be a slacker and make the proper use of what he has borrowed. In mediæval England there was a deadly sin known

by a name which has dropped out of the language. The name is gone, but the sin remains. The word is "accidia" and it signified laziness and sloth. Of the terraces of Dante's Purgatory, the fourth and central one was the terrace of Sloth. Dante says in this realm, "The power of my legs was put in truce." It is his way of confessing the slack, half-hearted, halting pursuit of the good. The slothful live in sin, the sin of the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." To love the good without fulfilling it in duty is to create within the soul the night in which no man can work, and even repentance cannot call back in a moment the days that might have been.

This sad realm is filled with a great company who always rush eagerly forward, as if to make up for what sloth had lost. A lazy man is glad of any excuse to throw down his task and gossip with any passer-by; and a busy man is often accused of discourteousness because he refuses to allow his work to be interfered with by mere talk.

The sin of slothfulness and of laziness covered by the name of accidia, mediævalists found indignant with the preachers. But since the Cleric was the chief scholar of his time it is well that the warning be spoken to all scholars as well as to those of the cloth. Chaucer in his "Parson's Tale" says:

"After the synne of envye and of ire, now wal I spoken of the sin of accidia; for envye blindeth the hert of man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidia maketh him heavy, thoughtful and wronful. Envye

and ire maketh bitterness in herts, which bitterness is mood of accidia and taketh away from him the love of all goodness. This is accidia the anguish of troubled herts. Certes this is a dampnable sin for it doth wrong to Jesus Christ, and inasmuch as it taketh away the service that men ought to render."

In his "Faerie Queene," when Spenser describes the Chariot of Pryde, the portrait of Idleness, the rider of the first six beasts by which it is drawn, is avowedly that of a monk.

"The first that all the rest did guyde  
Was sluggish idleness, the nourse of sin  
Upon a slothful asse, he chose to ryde  
Arayed in habit black, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin."

The man who means to be the valued lender must constantly be on his guard against the insidious sin of sloth. But what shall the lender make as his contribution? He will desire to lend first of all the best that he has within himself, to express his own individuality. He will endeavour to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, no matter what his work may be.

Chiefest of all he will be the lender of the sense of the ideal in an age that is pressed down with the consideration of the real. All the greatest work in the world has been done in the moments when workmen have had a sense of the unseen, when they have worked with a passion for the ideal.

All movements of reform and of progress and of modern development have been accomplished

only by those who have had the vision that looks beyond the stars.

The age in which we live is crying aloud for sons and daughters who will give the sense of the heavenly vision. Where there is no vision the people perish.

You shall personify the lender of the ideal when you seek to build up in your community the conviction that your nation is a borrower from all other nations and must be a lender to them. Do all that you can to blast away the bogie man of race prejudice. Proclaim it from the housetops that there are but two races of men, the borrowers and the lenders. Point out how even despised orientals lend a never-wearying patience and irradicable spiritual background much needed in the face of occidental haste and material madness. Emphasize the industrial and æsthetic value of the Japanese to our own civilization. Recognize the wealth of imaginative and idealistic power in the Hebrew and in the yet undeveloped Slav.

It is for the college young men and young women of this generation to loose the age from the slavery of the earth-bound and to give to it wings which shall bring in the conquest of joy and of happiness. As lenders of the ideal you will constantly find that you shall give of the spirit of sacrifice, that you shall never grow weary of the quest, no matter how long delayed its achievements might seem.

Whatever his shortcomings and failures might have been, there never was a braver seeker after

the beautiful than Edgar Allan Poe. In a little poem, "El Dorado," which he wrote just before his death, Poe confesses his quenchless passion for the beautiful, and he who would attain that goal must "Ride, boldly ride." I bid you "Ride, boldly ride," as you pursue your great quest.

"Gaily bedight, a gallant knight  
In sunshine and in shadow  
Had journeyed long, singing a song,  
In search of El Dorado.

But he grew old, this knight so bold,  
And o'er his heart a shadow fell,  
For he had found no spot of ground  
That looked like El Dorado.

And when his strength had failed him at length  
He met a pilgrim shadow.  
'Shadow,' said he, 'Where can it be?  
This land of El Dorado?'

'Over the mountains of the moon,  
Down the valley of the shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,' the shade replied,  
'If you seek for El Dorado.'



## XI

### THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

*"Even as the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."*

TENNYSON, in his "Lotus-Eaters," and his "Ulysses," has given two thrilling, yet contrasted pictures of the land of happiness. In the first, he is telling of those battle-worn heroes who had suffered much on the windy plains of Troy. They were on their way home, to their distant realms beyond the sea. Varied experiences came to them. They barely escaped with their lives from the cave of the one-eyed Cyclops, some of them had been turned to swine by the enchantress Circe. They had been lured almost to destruction on the rock-bound coast by the singing of the Sirens, the whirlpools of Scylla and Charbydis had almost wrecked them. At length,

"In the afternoon, they came unto a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon."

In this charmed land, of the Lotus-Eaters, they thought they had reached the true happy land,

"They lay them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, of wife and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, 'We will return no more';  
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

In "Ulysses" is a nobler and truer finding of the land of happiness. The strong old warrior has found his way to his Ithacan home, but he is not satisfied to dwell with luxurious ease. Even in his old age, he summons his companions of the old struggle to sail beyond the sunset, and to touch the Happy Isles and see the great Achilles. And though their strength may not be what it was, nevertheless, with heroic hearts and strong will, they consecrate themselves "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

We affirm that not dwellers in the land of the Lotus-Eaters, but Ulysses, ever pushing forward to new adventure, to new struggle, to new service, found the true happy land.

Rotarians have taken it as their great purpose to achieve the conquest of the happy land of service. Because some do not know, I would tell it, that Rotary is an association of enterprising men from every business and profession, who find their one bond of interest in fulfilling the truth of the motto, "He profits most, who serves best." Rotary has found the happy land of service in various good-hearted ministries. To the Children's Hospital, to the giving of a good time to the poor at Christmas,

Rotary is always in active commission. The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, and every possible call of need has been ministered to by Rotary's heeding of the call to service. It was the Rotary Club that went "over the top" in making good San Francisco's pledge to the government, whereby Camp Fremont was made possible. At the Presbyterian Camp Side Church, where basket ball courses are splendidly established, is also to be found an attractively furnished library of a thousand volumes, of the literature that appeals to the interest and imagination of the normal man. The San Francisco Rotary Club placed that library there because it wanted to be of service to the boys in our army. Yesterday, three thousand kiddies were given a treat, by Cressy at the Orpheum, because of the interested activity of the Rotary Club. The Smile-age Campaign for placing a book of tickets in the hands of every soldier, whereby he will be enabled to visit the wholesome entertainments under the direction of the government War Camp Activities Committee, was pushed to a successful conclusion by the Rotary Club. One never saw more instant nor generous response than Rotary always gives to every call of service.

This land of service which Rotary has marked out, is a happy land, because it exalts unselfishness. The quest of happiness never was brought to a successful conclusion by the direct seeking. True happiness comes through the seeking of some one's else happiness. This is a peculiar but true attribute of

the psychology of the human spirit. Nine-tenths of the unhappiness in this world is rooted and grounded in selfishness. Discontented husbands and wives would soon find the winter of their discontent passing into the joys of June, if they would but practice thinking of the other's happiness. Rich development of spiritual power comes through this same unselfish goal. When General Booth of the Salvation Army was in his old age, and could not attend a great meeting in a distant land, of an organization whose inspiration he was, he cabled a message of greeting. It was a single word, "Others," but it contained the whole gospel of unselfishness which enabled him to girdle the world in service.

The land of service which Rotary has marked out, is a happy land, because it touches the heart. Heart power is the power that rules the world. Intellect may clear the road, conscience may point the way, but the dynamo of the heart must be touched before the human engine moves to the accomplishment of a great end. Henry Drummond was not speaking an idle word when he said, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." George W. Cable, in one of his Creole stories, makes the ecstatic character exclaim, over the humming bird, "He is but one drop, but he is all passion." Service touches the heart because it is the heart in action.

The land of service which Rotary has marked out, is a happy land because it is right. Men spend their lives trying to denature conscience, but there is no joy quite equal to the good content that comes from

## 170 THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

an approving conscience, and conscience always approves the deed of service that was rendered in another's behalf. One has well expressed

### THE CREED OF A ROTARIAN

I believe

That those who live in and for the joy of serving are far richer than those who are served.

God bless our mothers.

I believe

That those who serve and sacrifice without the hope of profit or reward are the most commendable servants of mankind and civilization.

God bless the boys in the army and navy.

I believe

That a token of human kindness in the pathway of the deserving will merit a greater reward than flowers strewn upon a grave.

God bless the nurses and keep them from harm.

I believe

That the future holds its punishment or reward for the pessimist or optimist.

God pierce the heart of the "pro-German" with the arrow of understanding.

I believe

That America will solve the greatest problem of history, and "Make the world safe for Democracy" for now and eternity.

God bless our country and those in authority and give to them power and wisdom.

But service is something more than sentiment. It rests on a deep-lying principle. To do an impulsive deed of service on haphazard occasions will never suffice for achieving entire satisfaction, or for reaching the land of happiness. Service to come into its own must be the ideal of life. It must be exempli-

fied in daily practice, and not merely by impulsive emotionalism.

Service is the expression of the doctrine of loyalty which Professor Royce of Harvard, one of California's sons, has expressed as the fundamental principle of life which every person and every society needs. He upholds that there is no ultimate satisfaction of life without devotion to the principle of loyalty. Every individual must have some group, something outside of himself, to which he is loyal, if he would make the most of himself. Loyalty to the family, loyalty to the social group, loyalty to the nation, loyalty to a great cause, is the way whereby the individual shall truly arise.

Service is the real epitome of what Jesus Christ and the most spiritual of Israel's prophets stood for. This is graphically demonstrated in the incident from which the phrase of the evening's text was taken. Jesus was but a little older than Alexander, who at the age of thirty, was weeping because there were not greater worlds to conquer. The conquest of Jesus was not the conquest of the world of success, but of the world of service. His intimate friends did not realize this. Like the politicians of today, they were anxious to have political preferment. Two of the most ambitious asked that they might have the chief positions when He came into power. One wanted to be Secretary of State, the other Secretary of the Treasury. But He, turning to them, said that the chief place should be given to the one who was the servant of all. "Even as

## 172 THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

the son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." The power of this program was subtly set forth in that play, of a few years ago entitled, "The Servant in the House," wherein the Bishop of Benares, unheralded, unannounced, and therefore unrecognized, assumed the position of servant to the great discomfiture of the pompous Bishop of London.

The principle of service Jesus made the one criterion of worth in the final day of judgment, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, the King shall say in that day, 'Ye have done it unto me.'" Jesus gave His life in service. He went about doing good. The night before He died, He took a towel and girded himself and washed the disciples' feet.

The principle of service, which Jesus insisted on, through the last 1,900 years has contributed most of the progress which has come to Europe and America. At least this is the conclusion at which the historian Lecky in his "History of European Morals" comes. He states that this Christian principle did away with infanticide, banished the bloody gladiatorial shows from Rome and exalted woman from a plaything to a companion. It did much to alleviate the horrors of war, until the back eddy of the terror of today. He even goes so far as to maintain that there was no such thing as true philanthropy in the world until this Christian principle of service warmed the hearts of men.

Service is the master passion actuating America

in this war. The line of cleavage between the Allies and Germany, divides service to self as personalized in the Hohenzollerns, and service to others as personalized in the Allies who seek to defend the freedom of small nations as well as great.

Never has a more splendid sight been seen than that of a nation which draws its sword and gives its sons, not for glory but for service; not for aggrandizement, but for the sake of the weak; not for might but for right. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

From her earliest days, America has been dedicated to the cause of service. Having been conceived with the idea that all men are created free and equal, she early became a haven of refuge for the oppressed of all nations. While yet in her infancy, she sent Commodore Decatur to purge the Mediterranean from the slavery of Barbary pirates. In her early youth she gave to the world the Monroe Doctrine, wherein she took upon herself the service of protecting the American continents from old world despotism. A little later she rendered to the Orient the lasting service of opening Japan to the influence of the Western world. Almost at the price of her own life, she freed herself from the incubus of human slavery, "that government of the people, for the people, and by the people might not perish from off the earth."

Through the past decades while she has been growing into greater maturity, America has served



## 174 THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

the world by championing the cause of international arbitration. And now at length, when it has become evident that a sinister government could be appealed to by neither reason nor humanity, America has thrust herself into the vortex of death, into the mouth of hell, with a certain fierce joy that she might have a part in making the world safe for Democracy, nay, that Democracy might live.

If you would appreciate the identity of America with service, mark the distinction between the leaders of America and of Prussia at every critical era, since America became a nation. In the first scene is Washington, the incarnation of the spirit of renunciation. Risking all for the sake of freeing his country; accepting, not a crown, but a presidency, then like Cincinnatus to his plough, going into private life content not that he has power, but that he has served.

At the very same hour in Europe, Frederick the Great of Prussia was laying Europe red with blood for the sake of his own tyrannous purposes.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Lincoln was the embodiment of American ideals. Contrast his love of democracy and freedom, with these words of Bismarck, who at the time was the ruling power in Prussia and afterward the creator of the new Germany. Speaking before the Budget Committee of the Prussian Diet, in 1862, Bismarck said, "Our blood is too hot. We are fond of bearing armour too heavy for our small body. Germany

does not look to Prussia for liberalism, but for power. Let Bavaria and Württemberg and Baden indulge in liberal ideas, no one will assign them the rôle destined for Prussia. Prussia must consolidate its might and nurse it for the favourable moment. Prussia's boundaries, as determined by the Congress of Vienna, are not conducive to its welfare as a sovereign state. Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are the mighty problems of the age to be solved (that was the mistake of 1848 and 1849), but by blood and iron."

The life-line of American democracy spells service; the life-line of German autocracy spells self. The conflict is inevitable. We rejoice that it has come! We give ourselves whole-heartedly to the task. This today is our happy land of service.

Our task is the more happy because service is the Christian ideal.

Jesus came to establish the Kingdom of God here on earth. The Kingdom of God is a redeemed society of men and nations who seek to realize Jesus' ideal of brotherhood and justice, and to express devotion through service.

There is a Kingdom of Evil opposing the establishment of the Kingdom of God. This Kingdom of Evil is not a metaphysical one of Satanic origin; but a real one of Satanic spirit.

The Kingdom of God stands for brotherhood, the Kingdom of God stands for sacred obligations of family life; the Kingdom of God stands for truth; no liars shall be found therein; the Kingdom of God

## 176 THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

stands for the love, protection, and development of little children; the Kingdom of God stands for democracy; the Kingdom of God stands for the freedom of all peoples everywhere; the Kingdom of God stands for justice; the Kingdom of God stands for the right of the weak as well as of the strong; the Kingdom of God stands for unselfish service; the Kingdom of God would teach to all men everywhere the principle of sacrificial service. For this cause Jesus died on Calvary.

Germany, as impersonated by the Kaiser and the militaristic gang, stands as the very antithesis of the Kingdom of God. Germany is the incarnation of the Kingdom of Evil. If we have been accustomed to admire Germany as the country of Goethe and Schiller and of kind-hearted folk, then we have to confess that Germany is the Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde among the nations.

If the Kingdom of God stands for brotherhood, the Kingdom of the Kaiser stands for a deification of the state that seeks, not to serve the people, but to subsist on them. If the Kingdom of God stands for virtue and purity and the sacred obligation of family life, the Kingdom of the Kaiser tramples virtue and innocence in the dust, not only for devastated enemy lands, but even sows the self-destruction in its own homes by encouraging the coming into the world of children of unmarried parents for the benefit of the state.

If the Kingdom of God stands for the love and protection of little children, the Kingdom of the

Kaiser stands for their maiming, their desolation, their starving and their death. If the Kingdom of God stands for truth and no liars shall be found therein, the Kingdom of the Kaiser stands for lying and deceit and regarding of solemn treaties as scraps of paper. If the Kingdom of God stands for democracy and the freedom of all the people, the Kingdom of the Kaiser stands for autocracy and enslaving of the many for the sake of the few. If the Kingdom of God stands for justice to all, the Kingdom of the Kaiser stands for injustice except to the chosen few. If the Kingdom of God stands for the might of right, the Kingdom of the Kaiser stands for the right of might. If the Kingdom of God would teach to all men everywhere the principles of sacrificial service, the Kingdom of the Kaiser would sacrifice all for the sake of a superman and a super-nation. If Jesus died for all men on Calvary, the Kaiser would have all men to die for him.

The issue is joined between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Evil. Well do we give our constant and untiring devotion to the government of the United States in its stern struggle for humanity; for right.

We are proud to have stars in our service flags in these war-time days.

But the spirit of service has come to stay. Service must be the underlying motive of democracy, or democracy will be a vain thing. The Prussians conceive the state as having a divine right to subsist

## 178 THE HAPPY LANDS OF SERVICE

upon the people. Democracy believes that the state exists for the sake of serving the people.

Spirit of service is the only thing that can save the world from greed and despotism. America tried the gold-cure only to result in fatty degeneration on the part of the rich and dyspeptic unrest on the part of the not-rich. Germany tried the superman-cure only in her delirium to well-nigh wreck the world. Intellectualism tried the mind-cure only to prove its vanity in the face of grasping ambition.

There is only one hope left for the world and that is to try the service-cure, the Christ-cure. There is no question but that this service-cure will heal the old forms of foul disease and the thousand wars of old, and usher in the thousand years of peace.

To build the republic of God on the ruins of the old world drunk with materialism and the vanity of empire, is the task of the pioneers in the happy lands of service.

## XII

### THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TODAY

*"Hear what the spirit saith to the Churches."—REV. 2:7.*

**A**LL the world is interested in what is coming after the war. That the old world of convention, of established customs, of privileged classes, of recognized institutions is gone, few question.

"The old order changeth and giveth place to new,  
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom corrupt the world."

But what kind of a world shall take the place of this dying world is of vital consequence to you and to me and to our children. Some see their hope in a world-wide democracy of the future, others would hark back to the days of mediævalism. Ralph Adams Cram, architect, prophet, and political critic, has written a book, "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," to demonstrate that modern democracy is so defective in method that it cannot bring out leadership that the contemporary world requires. He has not much use for the modern world. "The world for him was Europe before the Reformation, before the Renaissance, the Christian world that built the

Gothic cathedrals; the world of abbeys, of great captains, popes, statesmen, and ecclesiastics; of faith, of great ideas, and great leaders of people. He considers that our age began with the Renaissance and has been steadily going to the devil ever since. His trinity is Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution. His salvation for the world is that it should go back to the great age of the thirteenth century, when men gave unquestioned allegiance to the faith of the Christian church, that is of the Roman Catholic Church. That era was a great age of activity and development, and an age of faith." Henry Adams, in his monumental "Mon St. Michael and Chartres," gives a magnificent interpretation of that era. Very possibly Mr. Cram had been lingering too long amidst the halo of that age as depicted by Mr. Adams, in the book published by the American Institute of Architecture. It should also be remembered that Cram is a devoted Roman Catholic.

If the powers of absolutism as represented by the Central Empires and Mohammedan Turks shall conquer in the conflict of today, there may be some danger of the world returning to mediævalism, but if the forces of democracy and freedom shall conquer, time's wheel shall not run back, the hand shall not move back on the dial. And please God and the devotion of democratic peoples everywhere, forces of liberty shall not be vanquished.

Democracy may not be the most efficient government, but we believe with all its faults it is the best.

What part is the church to play in the world of today, that it may make the world of tomorrow? Shall the church make no contribution to that world, has it no message, can it give no prophetic leadership, can it not sound the divine message, "This is the way, walk ye in it?" Great multitudes pass the church by today, as if it were an outgrown appendix. Many in the church, by a blind insistence on certain inherited attitudes, give much ground for the condemnation of the church as a useless force of society today.

There was another era, when the world was a seething cauldron. Christianity was in the potent era of its babyhood. Persecution was being visited upon the infant church everywhere. By this time the worship of the Roman emperor had been established at various places about the Eastern Mediterranean and certain zealous officials of the cult discovered that Christians would neither confess the lordship of Cæsar, nor offer incense before his image. The author of the book of Revelation who styles himself simply "John your brother and fellow partaker in tribulations" was among the suspected. He had either fled or been banished to the lonely island of Patmos. One Lord's day, while reflecting upon the troubled state of affairs, John had a remarkable experience. He seemed to hear a mighty voice speaking to him, and to see wonderful visions in heaven, disclosing the secrets of God's purposes in history. This type of experience was not an entirely novel thing. It had already been



## 182 CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TODAY

depicted in numerous Jewish Apocalypses, with some of which John was, no doubt, familiar. The stress of his own times, the memory of similar periods of tribulation in the history of the Jews and his own ecstatic temperament, all combined to produce that exalted and confident state of mind which enabled him to portray, with absolute assurance, the speedy advent of Christ to bring an end to the present world.

In the Revelation, John uses cryptic terms and terminologies to describe the political powers of his own day, who are the agents of Satan. Rome is Babylon the great. Cæsar is anti-Christ, a great beast with four horns. The return of Christ to destroy the power of Satan, and to establish the Millennium Interregnum was to be looked for immediately. John is convinced that his own visions are God's means of showing unto His servants the things which must shortly come to pass. The book is not to be sealed up for use in some distant day, it is designed for immediate application to the then present condition of Christians. "For the time is at hand," he says. This is the interpretation given by Doctor Shirley Jackson Case, in his valuable book just from the press, entitled the "Millennial Hope."

In the great crisis for the Christian churches about the Mediterranean at the close of the first one hundred years of Christian history, in his vision hour, John addressed a remarkable series of messages. These he introduced with the commanding injunction, "Hear what the spirit saith to the

churches." He urges greater earnestness and purity of life upon the church at Ephesus, which had left its first love and had followed after its own self-esteem. He gave hope to the little church at Smyrna and appropriate messages to the churches at Pergamum and Philadelphia and Thyatira. He was speaking the message of the living Christ. Would that we could hear the message of the living Christ today, proclaiming "what the spirit saith to the churches." In a spirit of devotion, we shall undertake this task.

We proclaim that the spirit saith to the churches today, to gird themselves for the mighty work that lies before. Christ has a great part, for His Church to play in the world of today.

In a foreword to the book above referred to, Dr. Case writes, "The primary purpose of this book is to answer the question, are the ills of society to be righted by an early and sudden destruction of the present world, or is permanent relief to be secured only by a gradual process of strenuous endeavour covering a long period of years."

He continues, "The stirring events of recent times have given new point to this question. Vigorous propagandists have been urging belief in a speedy end of the world, and the hopelessness of any remedial measures for effecting permanent improvement in present conditions. In the name of religion, it is maintained that human efforts to make the present world a safer and better place in which to live, are wholly misguided. On the contrary, God

is said to will that conditions shall grow constantly worse as the hour of impending doom approaches.

"At the present time, this pessimistic view of the world is especially pernicious. In principle it strikes at the very heart of all democratic ideals. According to its fundamental teaching, God is regarded as an almighty potentate, who has fore-ordained to failure all the efforts of men to establish improved forms of government. This type of teaching, which is being vigorously inculcated in many circles, readily plays into the hands of all enemies of social and political reform."

With the author of this book, we believe that the present world crisis does not mean that the final smash-up of all things is to come to pass in the immediate future. There have been too many like occasions in the past two thousand years. It is not for you to know, said the Master, the times or the seasons, only your Father in heaven knows. It is for the church to realize His promise, "Lo, I am with you always," and to go forward to conquest.

1. The spirit saith to the churches, the evangelistic church is the church for today. Jesus Christ began his mission with a recognition of the evangelistic call. He made it known in His first sermon at Nazareth, when He took for His text, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor." Evangelistic means the telling of the good story. The living church today must be the church which has a consciousness that it has a God-given mes-

sage, and that its first concern is the telling of that message to the multitude of those that know it not. How can a church expect to win others to her banners, if those marching beneath her colours are dull and dead, as if they had nothing that did them good? Because the church long ago passed its initial period of having something new, it has lost much power of compulsion. The Christian Scientists are yet in the new era. They have the splendid enthusiasm of the man who has discovered the ten commandments for the first time. That very sense of possessing a message deemed new and vital, gives them the power of a magnetic enthusiasm.

The Christian church has been entrusted with a God-given message. The world is waiting for the telling of that message. The church must proclaim the Lord Jesus Christ as the Lord of life. She has the most winning, the most conquering secret in all the world. She knows the secret of the light of God in the soul of man. The church has a secret which can make men right-about-face and leave their old way of selfishness and sin. Harold Begbie, in his book, "Broken Earthenware," tells the story of a series of present-day miracles. "He tells of the work done by a beautiful, delicate young girl, a Salvation Army lassie who threw herself into the very wickedest part of London, among the roughs and toughs to lay before her Master. He tells one instance in regard to a man called 'the puncher.' He was a prize fighter by profession. He had dropped about as low as a human being could pos-

sibly fall and still retain the human semblance. The depravity of the man is almost unthinkable. So low down the incline had he gone, that he was seriously thinking of murdering his wife, 'For the fun of it,' and still he was plunging on at a reeling momentum. He was in a saloon drinking at the time it happened. He came out of the evil resort, went direct to the wife, whom he had marked for murder, and this is what he said, 'Molly, I am going to join the Salvation Army, I am going to see the little angel adjutant tonight.' Molly, of course, was incredulous, but they went to the meeting. They both marched up to the penitent's bench. Here is the puncher's story. 'I cannot describe my sensation. The past dropped clean away from me. It dropped like a ragged garment. An immense weight was lifted from my brain. I felt light as air, I felt clean, I felt happy, I felt my chest swell. I cannot say what it was. All I know is that there at that bench, I was dismantled of all horror and clothed afresh in newness and joy.'"

Multitudes of broken humanity despised and hopeless have been made over again by this power of the living Christ. Others too, who have not fallen so low, have had a new serenity, tranquillity, and power in their lives, because they have come to know that this is life eternal, that they might know God and Jesus Christ.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me and rest,  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was  
Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in Him a resting place  
And He has made me glad."

If it is worth while to remake poor wrecks of humanity, by the Christian gospel, how much more worth while ought it to be to win men and women to Christ and the Christian program, who have not sunk so low. What a great thing it is to have the commission of giving to the world the only program which can bring in the Golden Age, and the only dynamic which can make men true. This is the divine opportunity of the Christian church.

The church must have the evangelistic spirit that burns to conquer the world or the world will conquer her. The church must have the spirit of John Knox when he said, "Give me Scotland or I die." Of Zinzendorf, who said, "I have but one passion," but that passion made him the father of modern missions.

If it is a good thing to reclaim drunken wrecks of men in the name of Jesus Christ, how much greater thing it is to reclaim nations, drunk with the vanity of empire. The church must have the great evangelistic motive of proclaiming to the business world, that the Christian program of justice and fair play is the only panacea to cure the age-long quarrel between labourer and capitalist. The church must have the evangelistic motive of proclaiming to the nations, justice is greater than might, brotherhood is prior to sovereignty. For God hath made of one

blood all men that on the earth do dwell. Nations must learn war no more when once they have discovered that the Christian world is a wiser world than the way of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles. But so long as there are nations who will not hear the call of justice and humanity, then the Christian evangel is to bind them until they will hear.

Arthur Brisbane, one of Mr. Hearst's brilliant writers, paid scornful attention to a certain phrase of Billy Sunday the other day. Billy Sunday had made the point that out of Christ there was no salvation. Brisbane, in true Bob Ingersoll fashion, figured that there must be a billion human beings in the world today who are out of Christ, and that at least that many died every fifty years, and that hell must be a pretty sizeable place by this time to hold all those who had died out of Christ. We do not undertake to endorse all the literalistic figures of Billy Sunday. Our church believes that all persons, even ignorant savages, who have lived up to the best of their knowledge are uncondemned. Nevertheless, the main contention of Billy Sunday is true. The hope of the world of being saved from hatred and tyranny and greed and selfishness and sin is through Jesus Christ and the Christian program. Nietzsche and his philosophy cannot save the world. It has well-nigh made a hell of it. Gold cannot save the world. It came near choking the soul out of America. Intellectualism alone cannot save the world. Does not Germany boast of her learning? There is but one hope for the world. That hope is

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. And the church is the great evangel of this salvation. The spirit saith to the church today, "Go ye into all the world and tell men to be free in the name of Jesus Christ."

2. The spirit saith to the churches, "Embody in yourself the social longings of the times." Jesus Christ went about doing good. He was not a socialist, He was a friend to man. The gospel which He proclaimed among men, was a social gospel. He came that men might have abundant life and He sought to teach it to them. His Sermon on the Mount, from introduction to conclusion, bristles with injunction of their program of daily living in recognition of obligation to their fellows and to God. He taught what was a man's duty to his neighbour, to his family, to the state, to business, to wealth, to the poor. He said, "Marriage is a divine institution; that money is a peril and a privilege." He urged to exercise charity of judgment, He said, "Judge no man." He set on foot the principle of brotherhood. He proclaimed the kingdom of God; this kingdom consisted of all those who had the rule of God in their hearts. He gave men to understand that to build a human society with God as the ruling factor and the principle of brotherhood as its expression was the great end of the church, here and now. The spirit saith to the churches today, "In yourself typify the principles of justice and neighbourliness. It is the church's great obligation to stand like a tribune before na-



## 190 CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TODAY

tions, parliaments, congresses and to proclaim the necessity after this war of the establishment of a brotherly league among all nations. And to insist on mutual disarmament, save only for police duties. It is the church's rich privilege to lead the way in the understanding of the great causes of dispute between labourers and capitalists, and to insist that the man who works by the sweat of his brow, shall have a just and fair proportion of this world's good things. It is for the church to insist that Christ's little ones shall be taken out of the sweat shops and deafening factories.

That was a touching little picture the other day of a man with a mop and a pail in a big business office after hours, who said, to the great captain of industry at the desk, "I have had a letter." "Yes," said the king of finance, "so have I," and then these two, the man of millions and the man with the mop and the pail, became comrades, in reading together the letters from their boys, who were serving as comrades in our armies beyond the seas. Comrades they were, and comrades may they ever be, but why should the man with the mop have so small a portion and the man behind the desk have all? Comrades they are in sacrifice, why should they not be comrades and sharers alike in the service of the world?

3. The spirit saith to the churches, "You shall be an educative force." It shall not suffice that you merely give to men impulse. You also must give to them direction. It is a sad fact that the church

for a generation has been sending her sons and daughters to public schools without religion and to state universities, where all the stress was on the intellectual, and many professors were actually hostile to Christianity and to organized religion. Young people were educated out of their childhood's view of religion, and had nothing given in return. They were overflowing with a religious sense of service to the community and to the state, but had never been taught to understand that this very spirit of service is the genius of Christianity.

One recently maintained that intellectualism had had its day. That with the dawning of this new era of democracy, the laying of our great stress would not be on the few research scholars and the coddling of the great universities, but rather would it be on the problem of giving right ideals to the millions of boys and girls, who pass through the ranks of the common schools, and never get beyond.

It is peculiarly the duty of the church today to face this problem of educating the young with a right understanding of Christian principles and the Christian program. College young people ought to be given to understand that Christianity is simply the applied doctrine of loyalty which Professor Royce had been championing.

The church must educate the boys and girls in the Bible, in Christian ideals, missionary biographies and in the problems of today from a Christian standpoint. The church as an educational force must lay her stress on the building up of real

## 192 CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TODAY

boyhood and girlhood, through boy scout organizations, boys' clubs, girls' clubs and gymnasium classes.

The church as an educational agency, besides the regular Sunday services, should have open forums of discussion on week days, when experts, in various realms, could give lectures and addresses which would educate the people to a right understanding of the problems of the day.

The church as an educational agency should have a well-trained teaching force for Sunday School, and there should be well-planned and well-attended mission study classes, with the tremendously interesting books which are now being prepared on the world of today, as the basis of instruction.

Churches, through the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, have worked wonders by the gathering together of hundreds of children each day, giving them instruction in raffia work, common manual training and the Bible.

The church as an educational agency, shall be enabled to give to the people a right understanding of community problems and social responsibility. The understanding of the viewpoint of the other man is an absolute essential to a happy bringing in of an age of democratic responsibility. Social justice cannot be achieved by the waving of a magician's wand. Anthony Trollope, in "The Warden," has demonstrated this.

4. The spirit saith to the churches, "If you would wield a telling force in the world today, you must be a united church." A divided church is a

## CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF TODAY 193

disgrace to Christendom. It is an economic waste, it is a Christian contradiction, it is contrary to the expressed prayer of the founder of the Church. His last prayer was that they all might be one, even as He was one with the Father.

It is a happy augury that denominationalism does not play a very large part in America today, yet it still plays too large a part. There are 165 religious denominations in the United States. There are fifteen kinds of Baptists, twenty-one kinds of Lutherans, twelve kinds of Presbyterians, fifteen kinds of Methodists. There is one religious need, one religious aspiration; it is the desire to simplify and intensify man's religious aspirations with the Eternal Power.

The world is in the melting pot. The church of today is charged with the solemn privilege of moulding the world of tomorrow. God grant that with the spiritual passion of the new evangelism, with social sympathy and compassion for the longings of the people, with educative plan and united front, the church of Christ shall make the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ.

“Lead on, O King Eternal,  
The day of march has come;  
Henceforth in fields of conquest  
Thy tents shall be our home:  
Through days of preparation  
Thy grace has made us strong,  
And now, O King Eternal,  
We lift our battle song.”

### XIII

## A MARCHING IN THE MULBERRY TREES

**M**ARCHES in Flanders, marches in mud, marches in the mouth of hell are familiar incidents of these battle-worn times, but who has heard of a marching in mulberry trees? In the book of Chronicles it may be read, "At the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees, then shall you go forth to battle." It must relate to phantom armies. The bowman of Agincourt, the hosts of the Maid of Orleans must be hovering near. Not so.

The Philistine military masters had been ransacking the territory of their Israelitish neighbours. David inquired of God, "Shall I go up against the Philistines?" "Yes," came the answer; "you shall go at the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees."

There was here instanced the consulting of the divine leadership, with reference to the question of warfare. The supreme matter is not how the consultation was effected, but that it was sought and the divine answer upheld the use of warfare, but only at the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees.

This is ancient Hebrew history and is not as im-

mediately enlightening and authoritative as the New Testament pages, but by implication, comes valuable suggestion for today's usage.

The Philistines of the twentieth century have harked back to those days of savage ancestors. They have burned villages, wiped out cities, demolished cathedrals, ransacked libraries, museums, chateaux, palaces, and poor men's huts, taking the spoil to make glad the feast at the castles of their robber barons. They have violated women and children. They have torn up solemn treaties as mere scraps of paper. Where used to be happy homes, and sunlit valleys, is now smoking desolation. Having sworn to defend Belgium's neutrality, Germany murdered Belgium, because that brave state, little though she was, was determined to keep true her promises of neutrality. Servia and France bear the mark of the oppressor's heel. Armenia's pathetic race without a country has been butchered by the Turk led on by the ruthless German master.

At length came murders by the sea. Germany announced to the world, that since, forsooth, her rulers considered it necessary, she would not be bound by any law, save only the law of necessity. Neither laws of God, nor laws of man should interfere with Germany's having her cherished position in the sun, her autocratic sway over all the nations, whether they would have her Kultur or not.

To America, far away across the seas, came with ever-increasing reverberation, the moaning of these victims of the despot's power. But America was

wedded to the ways of peace. She would but half believe the tales of German intrigue and terror. Time and again came the query, "Shall we go up and fight against the Philistines?" Her chosen political leaders and most of her spiritual leaders answered, "No." But at length, when Germany revoked her promise to abstain from ruthless submarine murderings at sea, and announced that American ships and American freemen must go and come on the free waters of the high seas, only at the German tyrant's dictum, the American soul found itself, and said, "We must be free, we shall be free, we will make all the world free, even if we give our choicest sons, by the million, and our possessions without measure."

When the cry came to the church, "Shall we go up to war?" what answer did the church make?

A recent *Atlantic Monthly* had an article entitled, "Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself," wherein the church in America, since the outbreak of the European war, is likened unto the cowardly Peter, at the High Priest's fire, warming himself while the Master was on His way to crucifixion. The author quotes from a letter, written near the middle of the third century A. D., by Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, to his friend Donatus.

"This is a cheerful world as I see it from my fair garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands you know very well what I should see: brigands on the highways, pirates on

the seas, armies fighting, cities burning, in the amphitheatres men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians—and I am one of them."

The author of the *Atlantic* article instances this picture as a portrayal of the other worldly spirit of the church even amidst the terrors of the world today. He says, "Cyprian's letter might have been written by any one of thousands of American prelates, bishops, dignitaries, and eminent clergymen, between August 1914 and April 1917, and its reproduction in any one of a hundred ecclesiastical periodicals would have called forth no comment." He continues, "Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leaders of America during those two and thirty months, when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop, or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation?" He does not know into what wilderness or Arctic zone we might have wandered without the leadership of unmitred and unordained leaders like



Maeterlinck, Arnold Toynbee, Lord Bryce, Alfred Noyes, Raemackers, Owen Wister, Donald Hankey, H. G. Wells, and Ian Hay Beith. So does he proceed to scourge the ecclesiastical representatives of America and the world.

One cannot but admire the passionate conviction with which he makes his attack. As a representative of the church, I would make no special plea for mercy. The church, as evidenced by some of its representatives, has been, in this question as in many other questions of social leadership, dormant rather than active, laggard rather than leading; nevertheless, we cheerfully enter the lists, on behalf of the defendant as being, not guilty.

In the first place, a distinction must be made between the autocratic Roman Church and the democratic free churches of America. With the exception of a few magnificent personalities like Cardinal Mercier, the Roman Church has apparently been satisfied to secure any peace though it be a German peace.

With reference to the leaders of the churches in America, the accuser must remember that his hot indignation against all those in America, who did not immediately favour our intervention in the war, at the first invasion of Belgium, would find many besides the church against which to vent itself. Even Mr. Roosevelt, in the *Outlook* at that time, maintained that we should make no move in that direction. Slowly as we have moved, we are able with much better conscience and with a far more

united front, to give ourselves to the task today, than would have been possible had we gone in in more hot-headed fashion. Had the American church leaders unanimously cried for war in 1914, they would have been open to the same charge of sycophancy, which is made against German preachers of "Hurrah and Hallelujah."

Christian leaders in the church have been far from warming idly by the fire during this period. If there has been a warming by the fire, it has been after the fashion of the studious Lincoln, rather than that of Peter. It is a splendid index to the vital idealism of the church in America, that she had been so concerned on the question of putting the teachings of Jesus into actual practice, in the world here and now, rather than possessing her soul "in quietness and ease," at the thought of heavenly bliss. The church in 1914, as interpreted by many of her greatest leaders, was bending every effort to the bringing of the Golden Age, by urging that international affairs should be settled, not by the use of force, but by the use of reason.

It is altogether to the church's credit, that she did ponder long and hard, and debate with cogent argument the question, as to whether or not warfare was Christian. And if it ever was justifiable, when was it?

Reverend Doctors Holmes, Merrill, Jefferson, Frederick Lynch, Cadman, Hillis, and Van Dyke, and the vigorous author of "Peter Warming Himself," and numbers of church leaders in centres

less close to the spotlight, have spoken with prophetic fire, on one or other side of this question. These are all ordained even if unmitred.

There were some able exponents of non-resistance, as being the universal Christian principle. But as Germany showed herself more and more impervious, either to reason or humanity, the spirit of the Christ, who loved little children and who came as the great proclaimer of freedom through the truth, so illuminated into the hearts of His most earnest followers, that they could not but feel that they must repel those who would heartlessly slay little children and enslave the world.

The Reverend Professor B. W. Bacon of Yale, in a recent article in the *Yale Review*, maintains that the doctrine of loyalty, as inherent in Christianity, makes not for pacifism, but for heroic struggle. "We shall find in it," says he, "no doctrine of non-resistance, no surrender of the chief aim of all the commonwealth of humanity, no anarchic rejection of rightful control, no substitution of lesser loyalties for justice, truth, and equal rights. We shall find rather, as its climax, a call to arms. There is to be battle, but without hatred for human foe. There is to be real bloodshed and real sacrifice of life. There is to be participation in the age-long bitter struggle of the world against an unseen foe, that makes his stronghold in the minds of men, inciting them to war and conquest, and lust of selfish power."

The Reverend Abraham Ribhany, who with his

Syrian temperament, has given new contributions to the understanding of Christ the Oriental, has produced an interesting little book entitled, "Militant America and Jesus Christ." The book is an attempt to prove that Jesus justified the use of force on varying occasions. He suggests that turning the other cheek was not so much an absolute dictum on the part of Jesus, as it was a natural criticism of the oriental method of flying into a passion and striking an opponent on the cheek at the slightest provocation. It is easy to recall Jesus' reply when Herod would banish Him from the country. Jesus sent back word, "Go tell that fox, I cast out devils, and I do cures today and tomorrow." There was not much of the pacifist spirit here, nor in His indignant scourging of the money changers from the temple, with a whip of cord.

Far from having indicated a mere idle warming by the fire, the slowness of the church of Christ to lead America into war was the means of forging a highly tempered resolution that war must be undertaken, not for all causes, not for aggrandizement, not for power, but for the establishment of justice and freedom and the protection of the weak.

To the query, "Shall we go forth against the Philistines?" the Christian church makes answer, "Ye shall go up at the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees." This sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees is where-soever comes the sound of the enslaving of innocent peoples, of the grinding down of women and

children, of the fastening of the autocratic rule of the tyrant over a world that would be free. The answer comes, "Thou shalt go forth to battle, wheresoever it shall be necessary for the sake of justice, for the sake of human freedom, for the protection of the weak, for the establishment of liberty through all the world." This is the glorious cause to which the church of Christ gives the arms of America the consecration of God today.

Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," says, "The broad fact will remain, that with the exception of Mohammedanism, no other religion has done so much to produce war as was done by the religious teachers of Christendom during several centuries." This conclusion on his part is all the more striking when we recall his emphasis upon the original pacific spirit of Christianity. Says he, "When a cross was said to have appeared miraculously to Constantine, with an inscription announcing the victory of the Milvian bridge; when the same holy sign, adorned with the sacred monogram, was carried in the forefront of the Roman armies; when the nails of the cross, which Helena had brought from Jerusalem, were converted by the emperor into a helmet, and into bits for his war-horse, it was evident that a great change was passing over the once pacific spirit of the church." \* He further accounts for this transformation by the influence of the half barbaric northern tribes, who received the name of Christianity, when half con-

\* Lecky, "History of European Morals," II-250.

verted, and partly by the ambitions of many bishops and abbots, who in the position of great feudal lords, were accustomed to lead their followers in battle, but most of all by the constant pressure of Mohammedanism. He adds, "The spirit of Mohammedanism slowly passed into Christianity, and transformed it into its image. The spectacle of an essentially military religion fascinated men who were at once very warlike and very superstitious. For about two centuries, every pulpit in Christendom proclaimed the duty of war with the unbeliever, and represented the battlefield as the sure path to heaven."

In realizing that the sound of a marching in the mulberry trees speaks war only for the sake of justice, humanity, and democracy, the church would ever remind Christendom to avoid the fate that overtook it in mediæval days, when fighting against Mohammedanism, and would have it beware lest a like military fate should overtake it in the twentieth century. Knowing well the unselfish purposes for which our war is undertaken, the church would give all her strength and inspiration to the success of our armies.

The church gives to the nation at war, in this noble cause, the dedication of all her sons, in supreme sacrifice. The Christian church, in its most splendid eras, has tasted of heroic sacrifice. Particularly has that branch of the church to which we belong been the guardian leader in behalf of liberty and democracy. The Huguenots that fell in France

under Condé and Admiral Coligny were children of the same liberty-loving faith, as were those who fought with Cromwell at Naseby and Marston Moor, with those who filled the undaunted ranks of Scotch Covenanters and the Protestant ranks in the battle of the Boyne. The same liberty-loving faith animated those brave lovers of freedom in Holland, who made answer at the siege of Leyden, when summoned to surrender, "When you no longer hear the cries of a cat or a dog, then know that we subsist on our left arm, while with our right we defend our liberty."

The Mecklenburg Convention in North Carolina, which composed the first Declaration of American Independence, had as its members, twenty-seven men, all of them Elders in the Presbyterian Church. The church played no small part in the dark days of the Civil War, nor is she playing a less part to-day. A part of our heritage is to feel a pride in the fact that President Wilson is a Presbyterian Elder who knows how to ask divine guidance at Cabinet meetings; that the late Ambassador to the United States, Balfour, is a Presbyterian leader; that General Haig is of the same company, and Joffre is the product of a Huguenot home.

The church makes answer to the query, "Shall we go out against the Philistines?" not alone by summoning her sons to the spirit of sacrifice, but also by urging all the people to give their heartiest coöperation in the support of the military needs of the government.

For this cause the church makes of herself a tribune, proclaiming to the people the necessity of every citizen purchasing Liberty bonds, supporting the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross, the practising of thrift and the coöperation with the Food Administration—all to the limit. As a tribune, the church fulfils the function of proclaiming the righteousness of our cause, as involving all the hopes of humanity, democracy, justice, and enduring peace in the future. The Presbyterian Church through its General Assembly, and the other great churches of America, have given utterance to the most devoted patriotism and at the same time to the loftiest idealism, in the supporting of America in the war. The Presbyterian General Assembly telegraphed to the President last May, "We pledge to you our support in holding the American people to the high idealism with which we entered this war and to the keeping of our hearts free from hate and revenge." The same Assembly appointed a National Service Commission of one hundred leading laymen and ministers for effectively aiding the government in any possible way, for ministering to the moral and spiritual need of the soldiers and sailors in the great cantonments. In common with other Protestant churches, the Presbyterian Church has heartily united in the work of the Y. M. C. A. as one of its own agencies, peculiarly adapted to ministering, in a Christian sense, to the body, mind, and spirit of American manhood at war.

When the author of "Peter Warming Him-



self" casts a slurring reflection at the Christian churches, because this work is done through the Y. M. C. A. as a great layman's organization, rather than through the organizations of the churches themselves, he apparently forgets that the glory of Protestantism is its expression of Christianity in action through laymen. The Y. M. C. A. is the church in action. And no one knows this better than the Y. M. C. A. leaders.

The church is steadfastly giving herself to the cultivation of that spirit of kinship to the Eternal, which cannot but be needed in this great hour. In an address of deep feeling, President Wilson, when visited by the Presbyterian National Service Commission, stated that the greatest service they could render would be to hold the people at the highest spiritual level.

Our author pronounces anathema on modern historical study of the Bible as if that had been *particeps criminis* with Peter warming himself at the fire. This, he says, has removed the supernatural and hence the barbarism of Germany and the tameness of American clergy. How the same cause could have produced such dissimilar results is not obvious. He wants more of the supernatural. So does the Kaiser, who cries aloud as to what the Lord God and himself are doing. Samuel hewing Agag to pieces before the altar had a very vivid sense of the supernatural. St. Paul proclaiming, "God hath made all men of one blood, all men that on earth do dwell, that they might feel after Him

in whom they live and move and have their being," was the prophet of the spiritual and it is the spiritual that the world needs. The sense of the spiritual, the recognition of God in His world, the moral passion that comes from knowing that God can only attain justice and brotherhood for men through men who are just and brotherly, is what the world needs. The knowledge that God marches forward with humanity in the eternal struggle for justice and brotherhood is what the world needs and what the scriptures give, but this does not depend upon any particular method of Biblical interpretation.

The church to which we belong does not claim to be infallible. The church in the war is learning lessons for the future. More than ever the church is realizing that religion must get down to bed rock. In his picture of religion at the front, Donald Hanky has emphasized that the man in the trenches is overflowing with the fundamental elements of Christianity, with unselfishness, with devotion, with gentleness, with heroism, with sacrifice, but he does not know that this is essential Christianity. He does not know that the Christ speaks through these very attributes of character. He thinks of Christianity only in its smug and conventional types. By believing in the Bible, the man in the trenches too frequently thinks only of Jonah and the whale. The church is realizing, too, as never before, that she can reach the great mass of men, only by dealing with questions of religion and of life in true

man fashion. The church, as never before, will endeavour to hoop up the elemental goodness of men with the dynamic of Jesus Christ.

The church in going up against the Philistines, has a prophetic eye to the future. She would help build the day of international relations founded on brotherhood.

The Presbyterian General Assembly last May, in tendering its service to the President, used these words, "Convinced that war in itself is irrational and that it must finally be abolished by the spiritual force of international good will, we appeal to you to use your great office—that when the time comes to end the war, in harmony with the principles you have laid down, you help to secure such terms of peace as shall prepare the way for an organization of the world that will make war impossible."

In going up at the sound of a marching, the church hears the call of democracy. She realizes that the social principles of Jesus and the Prophets are the only hope of the world. The Presbyterian General Assembly, through its Commission on Social Service, is leading its people into a study of social welfare, women in industry, the claims of the labouring ranks for a more equitable share of the world's production, the problem of alcohol, and the other questions that cry for Christian solution.

In going up at the sound of a marching in the tops of the mulberry trees, the church hears the

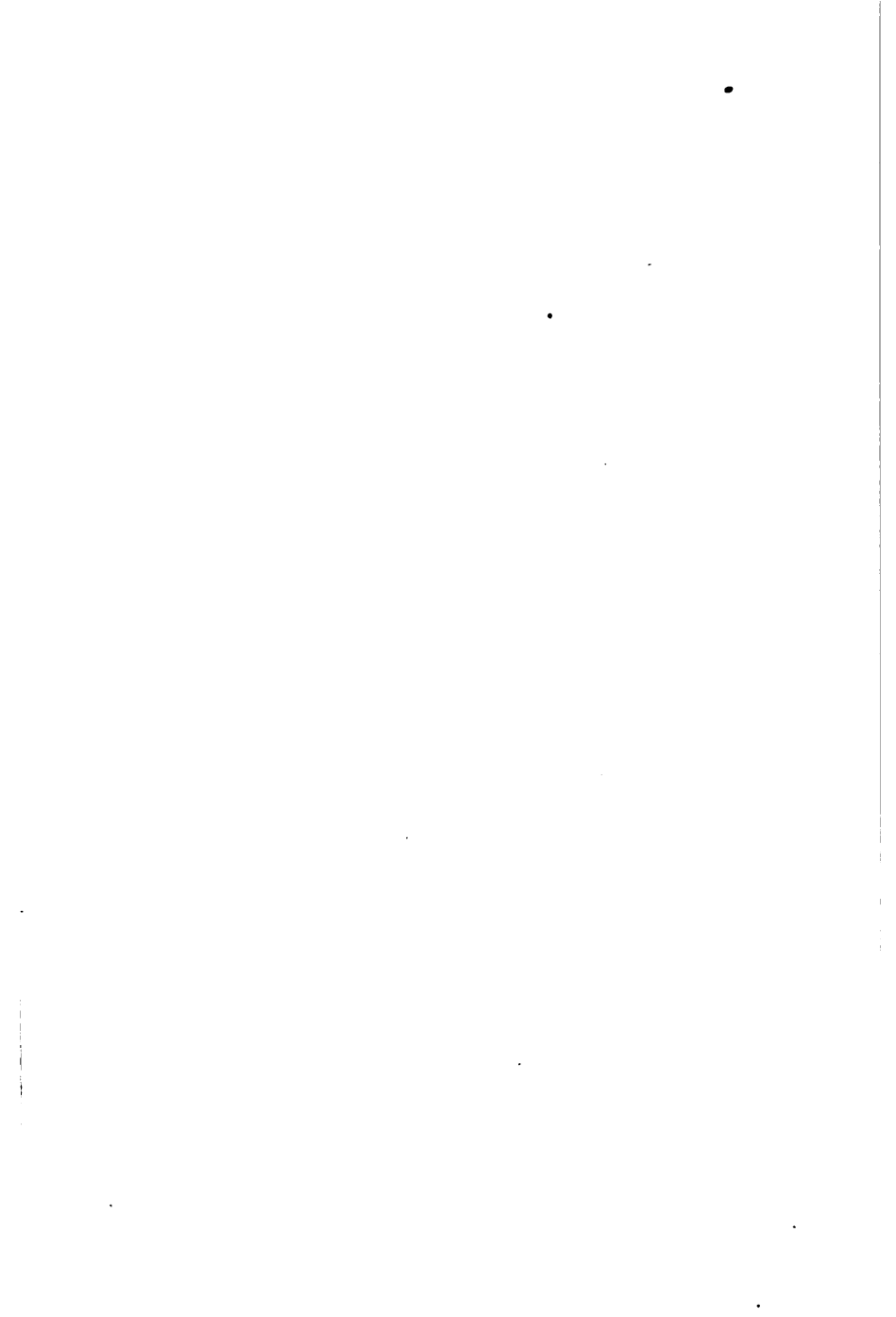
victory of justice, democracy, humanity, and freedom. Once more she sings,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

In this supreme hour, the church bids her sons go up against the Philistines, certain that with them marches the spirit of the steadfast, mighty Washington, of Lee, sublime in manhood, great in duty, of Lincoln, lover of democracy, lover of humanity, of Jesus Christ, proclaiming, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, for He hath annointed me to set at liberty those that are bound," "That government of the people, for the people, and by the people might not perish from off the earth."







YB 33728

730

514073

BX9178

S5

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



